CANDIDE

VOLTAIRE

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Written in 1759, the philosophical satire *Candide* chronicles the adventures of a well-meaning and naive young man trying to make his way in a cruel and unjust world. His troubles are only magnified by the constant words of his respected tutor, Dr. Pangloss, who keeps reminding Candide that "all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds." The novel follows Candide through his extraordinary but disastrous world travels—even to South America—and incredible experiences, including war, earthquakes, piracy, and executions, until he finally finds peace in his garden with a small band of friends and leaves the stupidity and evil of society for others to mend. Written in three days, *Candide* is a masterpiece of wit and concision. Leonard Bernstein wrote a musical adaptation in 1956.

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CANDIDE

PART ONE

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CHAPTER I

How Candide was brought up in a fine castle, and how he was expelled from thence

HERE lived in Westphalia, in the castle of my Lord the Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, a young man, on whom nature had bestowed the most agreeable manners. His face was the index of his mind. He had an upright heart, with an easy frankness; which, I believe, was the reason he got the name of *Candide*. He was suspected, by the old servants of the family, to be the son of my Lord the Baron's sister, by a good honest gentleman of the neighborhood, whom that young lady declined to marry, because he could only produce seventy-one armorial quarterings, the rest of his genealogical tree having been destroyed through the injuries of time.

The Baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia: for his castle had both a gate and windows; and his great hall was even adorned with tapestry. The dogs of his outer yard composed his pack upon occasion; his grooms were his huntsmen; and the vicar of the parish was his great

almoner. He was called by everybody, *My Lord;* and every one would laugh when he told his story.

My Lady the Baroness, who weighed about three hundred and fifty pounds, attracted by that means very great regard, and did the honors of the house with a dignity that rendered her still more respectable. Her daughter Cunegonda, aged about seventeen years, was of a high complexion, fresh, plump, and the object of desire. The Baron's son appeared to be in every respect worthy of his father. The preceptor, Pangloss, was the oracle of the house, and little Candide listened to his lectures with all the simplicity that was suitable to his age and his character.

Pangloss taught metaphysico-theologo-cosmolonigology. He proved most admirably, that there could not be an effect without a cause; that, in this best of possible worlds, my Lord the Baron's castle was the most magnificent of castles, and my Lady the best of baronesses that possibly could be.

"It is demonstrable," said he, "that things cannot be otherwise than they are: for all things having been made for some end, they must necessarily be intended for the best end. Observe well, that the nose has been made for carrying spectacles, therefore we have spectacles. The legs are visibly designed for stockings, and therefore we have stockings. Stones have been formed to be hewn, and to make castles; therefore my Lord has a very fine castle; and the greatest baron of the province ought to be the best lodged. Swine were made to eat; therefore we eat pork all the year round: consequently, those who have asserted, that all is good, have said a foolish thing; they should have said, that all is for the best."

Candide listened attentively, and believed implicitly; for he thought Miss Cunegonda extremely handsome, though he never had the courage to tell her so. He concluded, that next to the good fortune of being born Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, the second degree of happiness was that of being Miss Cunegonda, the third to see her every day, and the fourth to hear Master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the province, and consequently of the whole world.

One day Cunegonda having taken a walk hard by the castle, in a little wood, which they called the park, espied among the bushes Doctor Pangloss giving a lecture in experimental philosophy to her mother's chambermaid, a little brown wench, very handsome, and very tractable. As Miss Cunegonda had a strong inclination for the sciences, she observed, without making any noise, the experiments repeated before her eyes; she saw very clearly the sufficient reason of the Doctor, the effects and the causes: and she returned greatly flurried, quite pensive, and full of desire to be learned; imagining, that she might be a sufficient reason for young Candide, as he also might be the same to her.

In her return to the castle she met Candide, and blushed; Candide also blushed: she wished him good morrow with a faltering voice; and Candide made answer, without knowing what he said. The next day, after dinner, as they rose from table, Cunegonda and Candide happened to get behind the screen. Cunegonda dropped her handkerchief, and Candide took it up; she, not thinking any harm, took hold of his hand; and the young man, not thinking any harm neither, kissed the hand of the young lady, with an eagerness, a sensibility, and grace, wholly singular; their mouths met,

their eyes sparkled, their knees trembled, their hands strayed.—The Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh happening to pass close by the screen, and observing this cause and effect, kicked Candide out of the castle, with lusty blows on the backside. Cunegonda fell into a swoon; and as soon as she came to herself, was heartily cuffed on the ear by my Lady the Baroness. Thus all was thrown into confusion in the finest and most agreeable castle possible.

CHAPTER II

What became of Candide among the Bulgarians

ANDIDE being expelled the terrestrial paradise, rambled a long time without knowing where, in tears, lifting up his eyes to heaven, and sometimes turning them towards the finest of castles, which contained the handsomest of baronesses. He laid himself down, without his supper, in the open fields, between two furrows, while the snow fell in great flakes. Candide, almost frozen to death, crawled, next morning, to the neighboring village, which is called *Waldberghoff-trarbk-dikdorff*. Having no money, and dying with hunger and fatigue, he stopped in a dejected posture, before the gate of an inn. Two men dressed in blue observing him in such a situation, "Brother," says one of them to the other, "there is a young fellow well built, and of a proper height." They accosted Candide, and invited him very civilly to dinner. "Gentlemen," replied Candide with an agreeable modesty, "you do me much honor, but I have no money to pay for my shot." "O Sir," said one of the blues, "persons of your appearance and merit never pay any thing: are you not five feet five inches high?" "Yes, Gentlemen, that is my height," returned he, making a bow. "Come, Sir, sit down at table: we will not only treat you, but we will never let such a man as you want money: men are made to

assist one another." "You are in the right," said Candide; "that is what Pangloss always told me, and I see plainly that everything is for the best." They entreat him to take a few crowns; which he accepts of, and would have given them his note, but they refused it, and sat down to table. "Do not you love tenderly—?" "O yes," replied he, "I love tenderly Miss Cunegonda." "No," said one of the gentlemen; "we ask you if you do not love tenderly the King of the Bulgarians?" "Not at all," said he, "for I never saw him." "How! he is the most charming of kings, and you must drink his health." "O, with all my heart, Gentlemen," and drinks. "That is enough," said they to him; "you are now the bulwark, the support, the defender, the hero of the Bulgarians; your fortune is made, and you are certain of glory." Instantly they clap him in irons, and carry him to the regiment. He is made to turn about to the right and to the left, to draw the rammer, to return the rammer, to present, to fire, to double; and they give him thirty blows with a cudgel. The next day he performs his exercise not quite so bad, and receives but twenty blows; the third day the blows are restricted to ten, and he is looked upon by his fellow-soldiers as a kind of prodigy.

Candide, quite stupefied, could not yet well conceive how he had become a hero. One fine day in the spring it came into his head to take a walk, going straight forward, imagining that the human, as well as the animal species, were entitled to make whatever use they pleased of their limbs. He had not traveled two leagues, when four other heroes, six feet high, came up to him, bound him, and put him into a dungeon. He is asked by a court-martial, whether he

chooses to be whipped six and thirty times through the whole regiment, or receive at once twelve bullets through the forehead? He in vain argued that the will is free, and that he chose neither the one nor the other; he was obliged to make a choice: he therefore resolved, in virtue of God's gift, called *freewill,* to run the gauntlet six and thirty times. He underwent this discipline twice. The regiment being composed of two thousand men, he received four thousand lashes, which laid open all his muscles and nerves, from the nape of the neck to the posteriors. As they were proceeding to a third operation, Candide being quite spent, begged as a favor, that they would be so kind as to shoot him: he obtained his request; they hoodwink him, and make him kneel: the King of the Bulgarians passing by, inquired into the crime of the delinquent; and as this prince was a person of great penetration, he discovered from what he heard of Candide, that he was a young metaphysician, entirely ignorant of the things of this world; and he granted him his pardon, with a clemency which will be extolled in all histories, and throughout all ages. An experienced surgeon cured Candide in three weeks, with emollients prescribed by no less a master than Dioscorides. He had now acquired some skin, and was able to walk, when the King of the Bulgarians gave battle to the King of the Abares.

CHAPTER III

How Candide made his escape from the Bulgarians, and what afterwards befell him

OTHING could be so fine, so neat, so brilliant, so well disposed, as the two armies. The trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums, and the cannon, formed an harmony superior to what hell could invent. The cannon swept off at first about six thousand men on each side; afterwards the musketry carried away from the best of worlds, about nine or ten thousand rascals that infected its surface. The bayonet was likewise the sufficient reason of the death of some thousands of men. The whole number might amount to about thirty thousand souls. Candide, who trembled like a philosopher, hid himself as well as he could during this heroic butchery.

In short, while each of the two Kings were causing *Te Deum* to be sung in their respective camps, he resolved to go somewhere else, to reason upon the effects and causes. He walked over heaps of the dead and dying: he came at first to a neighboring village belonging to the Abares, but found it in ashes; for it had been burned by the Bulgarians, according to the law of nations. Here were to be seen old men full of wounds, casting their eyes on their murdered wives, who were holding their infants to their bloody breasts.

You might see in another place, virgins having their bellies ripped up, after they had satisfied the natural desires of some of those heroes, breathing out their last sighs. Others half-burned prayed earnestly for instant death. The whole field was covered with brains, and with legs and arms lopped off.

Candide betook himself with full speed to another village. It belonged to the Bulgarians, and had met with the same treatment from the Abarian heroes. Candide, walking still forward over quivering limbs, or through rubbish of houses, got at last out of the theater of war, having some small quantity of provisions in his knapsack, and never forgetting Miss Cunegonda. His provisions failed him when he arrived in Holland; but having heard that every one was rich in that country, and that they were Christians, he did not doubt but he should be as well treated there as he had been in my Lord the Baron's castle, before he had been expelled thence on account of Miss Cunegonda's sparkling eyes.

He asked alms from several grave-looking persons; who all replied, that if he continued that trade, they would confine him in a house of correction, where he should learn to get his bread.

He applied himself afterwards to a man, who for a whole hour had been discoursing on the subject of charity, before a large assembly. This orator looking on him askance, said to him, "What are you doing here? are you for the good cause?" "There is no effect without a cause," replied Candide modestly; "all is necessarily linked, and ordered for the best. A necessity banished me from Cunegonda; a necessity forced me to run the gauntlet; and another necessity makes

me beg for my bread, till I can fall on a business to earn it. All this could not be otherwise." "My friend," said the orator to him, "do you believe that the Pope is Antichrist?" "I never have heard whether he is or not," replied Candide; "but whether he is, or is not, I want bread." "You do not deserve to eat any," said the other; "get you gone, you rogue, get you gone, you wretch; never in thy life come near me again." The orator's wife, having popped her head out of the window, and seeing a man who doubted whether the Pope was Antichrist, poured on his head a full— O heavens! to what excess does religious zeal transport the fair sex!

A man who had not been baptized, a good Anabaptist, named *James,* saw the barbarous and ignominious manner with which they treated one of his brethren, a being with two feet, unfeathered, and endowed with a rational soul. He took him home with him, cleaned him, gave him bread and beer, made him a present of two florins, and offered to teach him the method of working in his manufactories of Persian stuffs, which are fabricated in Holland. Candide, prostrating himself almost at his knees, cried out, "Mr. Pangloss argued well when he said, that everything is for the best in this world; for I am infinitely more affected with your very great generosity, than by the hard-heartedness of that gentleman with the black cloak, and the lady his wife."

Next day, as he was taking a walk, he met a beggar all covered over with sores, his eyes dead, the tip of his nose ate off, his mouth turned to one side of his face, his teeth black, speaking through his throat, tormented with a violent cough, and spitting a tooth at every attempt to draw his breath.

CHAPTER IV

How Candide met his old master of philosophy, Dr. Pangloss, and what happened to them

ANDIDE, moved more with compassion than horror, gave this frightful mendicant the two florins which he had received of his honest Anabaptist James. The specter fixed his eyes attentively upon him, dropped some tears, and was going to fall upon his neck. Candide, affrighted, drew back. "Alas!" said the one wretch to the other, "don't you any longer know your dear Pangloss?" "What do I hear! Is it you, my dear master! you in this dreadful condition! What misfortune has fallen you? Why are you no longer in the most magnificent of castles? What is become of Miss Cunegonda, the nonpareil of the fair sex, the masterpiece of nature?" "I have no more strength," said Pangloss. Candide immediately carried him to the Anabaptist's stable, where he gave him a little bread to eat. When Pangloss was refreshed a little, "Well," said Candide, "what is become of Cunegonda?" "She is dead," replied the other. Candide fainted away at this word: but his friend recovered his senses, with a little bad vinegar which he found by chance in the stable. Candide opening his eyes, cried out, "Cunegonda is dead! Ah, best of worlds, where art thou? But of what distemper did she die? Was not this the cause, her

seeing me driven out of the castle by my Lord, her father, with great kicks on the breech?" "No," said Pangloss, "she was gutted by some Bulgarian soldiers, after having been barbarously ravished: they knocked my Lord the Baron on the head, for attempting to protect her; my Lady the Baroness was cut in pieces; my poor pupil was treated precisely like his sister; and as for the castle, there is not one stone left upon another, nor a barn, nor a sheep, nor a duck, nor a tree. But we have been sufficiently revenged; for the Abarians have done the very same thing to a neighboring barony, which belonged to a Bulgarian lord."

At this discourse Candide fainted away a second time: but coming to himself, and having said all that he ought to say, he inquired into the cause and the effect, and into the sufficient reason that had reduced Pangloss to so deplorable a condition. "Alas," said the other, "it was love; love, the comforter of the human race, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all sensible beings, tender love." "Alas!" said Candide, "I know this love, the sovereign of hearts, the soul of our soul; yet it never cost me more than a kiss, and twenty kicks on the breech. But how could this charming cause produce in you so abominable an effect?"

Pangloss made answer as follows. "O my dear Candide, you knew Paquetta, that pretty attendant on our Noble Baroness: I tasted in her arms the delights of paradise, which produced those torments of hell with which you see me devoured. She was infected, and perhaps she is dead. Paquetta received this present from a learned cordelier, who had traced it to the source: for he had it from an old countess, who had received it from a captain of horse, who was in-

debted for it to a marchioness, who got it from a page, who had received it from a Jesuit, who in his noviciate had it in a direct line from one of the companions of Christopher Columbus. For my part, I will give it to nobody, for I am dying."

"O Pangloss!" cried Candide, "what a strange genealogy! Has not the devil given rise to it?" "Not at all," replied this great man; "it was a thing indispensable, a necessary ingredient, in the best of worlds: for if Columbus had not catched, in an island of America, this distemper, which poisons the source of generation, frequently hinders generation, and is evidently opposite to the great design of nature, we should have had neither chocolate nor cochineal. It may also be observed, that to this day, upon our continent, this malady, like a point of controversy, is peculiar to us. The Turks, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Siamese, and the Japanese, know nothing of it yet. But there is a sufficient reason why they, in their turn, should become acquainted with it, a few centuries hence. In the meantime, it has made a marvelous progress among us, and especially in those great armies composed of honest hirelings well disciplined, who decide the fate of states; for one may be assured, that when thirty thousand men in a pitched battle fight against troops equal to them in number, there are about twenty thousand of them poxed on each side."

"That is surprising," said Candide; "but you must be cured." "Ah! how can I?" said Pangloss; "I have not a penny, my friend; and, throughout the whole extent of this globe, one cannot be let blood, nor get a glister, without paying for it, or some other person doing that office for us."

This last speech determined Candide. He went to throw himself at the feet of his charitable Anabaptist James; and gave him so striking a description of the state his friend was reduced to, that the good man did not hesitate to entertain Dr. Pangloss; and he had him cured at his own expense. During the cure, Pangloss lost only an eye and an ear. As he wrote well, and understood arithmetic perfectly, the Anabaptist James made him his bookkeeper. At the end of two months, being obliged to go to Lisbon about the affairs of his trade, he took the two philosophers with him in his ship. Pangloss explained to him how everything was such as it could not be better. James was not of this sentiment. "Mankind," said he, "must have a little corrupted their nature; for they were not born wolves, and yet they are become wolves: God has given them neither cannon of twenty-four pounds, nor bayonets; and yet they have made cannon and bayonets to destroy one another. I might throw into the account bankrupts; and the law, which seizes on the effects of bankrupts, only to bilk the creditors." "All this was indispensable," replied the one-eyed doctor, "and private misfortunes constitute the general good; so that the more private misfortunes there are, the whole is the better." While he was reasoning, the air grew dark, the winds blew from the four quarters of the world, and the ship was attacked by a most dreadful storm, within sight of the harbor of Lisbon.

CHAPTER V

Tempest, shipwreck, earthquake, and what became of Dr. Pangloss, Candide, and James the Anabaptist

ONE half of the passengers, being weakened, and ready to breathe their last, with the inconceivable anguish which the rolling of the ship conveyed through the nerves and all the humors of the body, which were quite disordered, were not capable of being alarmed at the danger they were in. The other half uttered cries and made prayers; the sails were rent, the masts broken, and the ship became leaky. Every one worked that was able; nobody regarded anything, and no order was kept. The Anabaptist contributed his assistance to work the ship. As he was upon deck, a furious sailor rudely struck him, and laid him sprawling on the planks; but with the blow he gave him, he himself was so violently jolted, that he tumbled overboard with his head foremost, and remained suspended by a piece of a broken mast. Honest James runs to his assistance, and helps him to get up again; but in the attempt is thrown into the sea, in the sight of the sailor, who suffered him to perish without deigning to look upon him. Candide draws near, and sees his benefactor one moment emerging, and the next swallowed up forever. He was just going to throw himself into the sea after him, when the philosopher

Pangloss hindered him, by demonstrating to him, that the road of Lisbon had been made on purpose for this Anabaptist to be drowned there. While he was proving this *à priori,* the vessel foundered, and all perished except Pangloss, Candide, and this brute of a sailor, who drowned the virtuous Anabaptist. The villain luckily swam ashore, whither Pangloss and Candide were carried on a plank.

When they had recovered themselves a little, they walked towards Lisbon. They had some money left, with which they hoped to save themselves from hunger, after having escaped from the storm. Scarce had they set foot in the city, bewailing the death of their benefactor, when they perceived the earth to tremble under their feet, and saw the sea swell and foam in the harbor, and dash to pieces the ships that were at anchor. The whirling flames and ashes covered the streets and public places, the houses tottered, and their roofs fell under the foundations, and the foundations were scattered; thirty thousand inhabitants of all ages and sexes were crushed to death in the ruins. The sailor whistling, and swearing, said, "There is some booty to be got here." "What can be the sufficient reason of this phenomenon?" said Pangloss. "This is certainly the last day of the world," cried Candide. The sailor ran immediately into the midst of the ruins, encountered death to find money, found it, laid hold of it, got drunk, and having slept himself sober, purchased the favors of the first good-natured girl he met with, upon the ruins of the demolished houses, and in the midst of the dying and the dead. In the meantime, Pangloss pulled him by the sleeve: "My friend," said he, "this is not right; you trespass against universal reason, you improve your time

badly." "Brains and blood!" answered the other; "I am a sailor, and was born at Batavia; four times I have trampled upon the crucifix in four voyages to Japan; thou mayst go seek for thy man with thy universal reason."

Some pieces of stone having wounded Candide, he lay stretched in the street, and covered with rubbish. "Alas!" said he to Pangloss, "get me a little wine and oil, I am a-dying." "This trembling of the earth is no new thing," answered Pangloss. "The city of Lima, in America, experienced the same concussions last year; the same cause has the same effects; there is certainly a train of sulphur under the earth from Lima to Lisbon." "Nothing is more probable," said Candide; "but, for God's sake, a little oil and wine." "How probable!" replied the philosopher; "I maintain that the point is demonstrable." Candide lost all sense; and Pangloss brought him a little water from a neighboring fountain.

The day following, having found some provisions in rummaging through the rubbish, they recruited their strength a little. Afterwards they employed themselves, like others, in administering relief to the inhabitants that had escaped from death. Some citizens that had been relieved by them, gave them as good a dinner as could be expected amidst such a disaster. It is true, that the repast was mournful, and the guests watered their bread with their tears. But Pangloss consoled them, by affirming that things could not be otherwise: "For," said he, "if an universe exist, that universe must necessarily be the best. Now, in the best of worlds, all is good, all is well, all is for the best: comfort yourselves, be merry, and let us take a glass." A little man clad in black,

who belonged to the inquisition, and sat at his side, took him up very politely, and said, "In all appearance, the gentleman does not believe original sin; for if all is for the best, then there has been neither fall nor punishment."

"I most humbly ask your Excellency's pardon," answered Pangloss still more politely; "for the fall of man and the curse necessarily entered into the best of worlds possible." "Then the gentleman does not believe there is liberty," said the inquisitor. "Your Excellency will excuse me," said Pangloss; "liberty can consist with absolute necessity; for it was necessary we should be free; because, in short, the determinate will—"

Pangloss was in the middle of his proposition, when the inquisitor made a signal with the head to his footman who waited upon him, to bring him a glass of port wine.

CHAPTER VI

How a fine auto-da-fé was celebrated, to prevent earthquakes; and how Candide was whipped

FTER the earthquake, which had destroyed three-fourths of Lisbon, the sages of the country could not find any means more effectual to prevent a total destruction, than to give the people a splendid auto-da-fé. It had been decided by the university of Coimbra, that the spectacle of some persons burned by a slow fire, with great ceremony, was an infallible nostrum to hinder the earth from quaking.

In consequence of this resolution, they had seized a Biscayner, convicted of having married his godmother, and two Portuguese, who, in eating a pullet, had stripped off the lard. After dinner they came and secured Dr. Pangloss, and his disciple Candide, the one for having spoke too freely, and the other for having heard with an air of approbation. They were both conducted to separate apartments, extremely fresh, and never incommoded with the sun. Eight days after, they were both clothed with a *sanbenito,* and had their heads adorned with paper miters. Candide's miter and sanbenito were painted with inverted flames, and with devils that had neither tails nor claws: but Pangloss's devils had claws and tails, and the flames were pointed upwards. Being thus

dressed, they marched in procession, and heard a very pathetic sermon, followed with fine music on a squeaking organ. Candide was whipped in cadence, while they were singing; the Biscayner, and the two men who would not eat lard, were burnt; and Pangloss, though it was contrary to custom, was hanged. The same day the earth shook anew with a most dreadful noise.

Candide, affrighted, interdicted, astonished, all bloody, all panting, said to himself, "If this is the best of possible worlds, what then are the rest? Supposing I had not been whipped, I have been among the Bulgarians: but, O my dear Pangloss! thou greatest of philosophers, that it should be my fate to see you hanged without knowing for what! O my dear Anabaptist! thou best of men, that it should be thy fate to be drowned in the harbor! O Miss Cunegonda! the jewel of ladies, that it should be thy fate to have thy belly ripped up!"

He returned, with difficulty supporting himself, after being lectured, whipped, absolved, and blessed, when an old woman accosted him, and said, "Child, take courage and follow me."

CHAPTER VII

How an old woman took care of Candide, and how he found the object he loved

ANDIDE did not take courage, but followed the old woman into a ruinated house. She gave him a pot of pomatum to anoint himself, left him something to eat and drink, and showed him a very neat little bed, near which was a complete suit of clothes. "Eat, drink, and sleep," said she to him, "and may our Lady of Mocha, our Lord St. Antony of Padua, and our Lord St. James of Compostella, take care of you. I will be back tomorrow." Candide astonished at all he had seen, at all he had suffered, and still more at the charity of the old woman, offered to kiss her hand. "You must not kiss my hand," said the old woman; "I will be back tomorrow. Rub yourself with the pomatum, eat, and take rest."

Candide, notwithstanding so many misfortunes, ate, and went to sleep. Next morning the old woman brought him his breakfast, looked at his back, and rubbed it herself with another ointment: she afterwards brought him his dinner; and she returned at night, and brought him his supper. The day following she performed the same ceremonies. "Who are you?" would Candide always say to her: "Who has inspired you with so much goodness? What thanks can I render

you?" The good woman made him no answer; she returned in the evening, but brought him no supper. "Come along with me," said she, "and say not a word." She took him by the arm, and walked with him into the country about a quarter of a mile: they arrived at a house that stood by itself, surrounded with gardens and canals. The old woman knocked at a little door; which being opened, she conducted Candide by a private stair-case into a gilded closet, and leaving him on a brocade couch, shut the door, and went her way. Candide thought he was in a revery, and looked upon all his life as an unlucky dream, but on the present moment as an agreeable dream.

The old woman returned very soon, supporting with difficulty a woman trembling, of a majestic port, glittering with jewels, and covered with a veil. "Take off that veil," said the old woman to Candide. The young man approaches, and takes off the veil with a trembling hand. What joy! what surprise! he thought he saw Miss Cunegonda; he saw her indeed, it was she herself. His strength fails him, he cannot utter a word, but falls down at her feet. Cunegonda falls upon the carpet. The old woman applies aromatic waters; they recover their senses, and speak to one another. At first their words were imperfect, their questions and answers were carried on cross-wise, with sighs, tears, and cries. The old woman recommended to them to make less noise, and then left them to themselves. "How! it is you!" said Candide to her: "Are you still alive? do I find you again in Portugal? were you not ravished then? was not your belly ripped up, as the philosopher Pangloss assured me?" "Yes, the case was so," said the lovely Cunegonda; "but death does

not always follow from these two accidents." "But your father and mother! were not they killed?" "It is but too true," answered Cunegonda, weeping. "And your brother?" "My brother was killed too." "And why are you in Portugal? and how did you know that I was here? and by what strange adventure did you contrive to bring me to this house?" "I will tell you all that," replied the lady: "but first you must inform me of all that has happened to you since the harmless kiss you gave me, and the rude kicking which you received." Candide obeyed her with the most profound respect; and though he was forbidden to speak, though his voice was weak and faltering, and though his back still pained him, yet he related to her, in the most genuine manner, everything that had befallen him since the moment of their separation. Cunegonda lifted up her eyes to heaven; she shed tears at the death of the good Anabaptist, and of Pangloss; after which she spoke in the following terms to Candide, who lost not a word, but dwelt upon her eyes as if he would devour them.

CHAPTER VIII

The history of Cunegonda

WAS in my bed and fast asleep, when it pleased Heaven to send the Bulgarians to our fine castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh: they murdered my father and my brother, and cut my mother in pieces. A huge Bulgarian, six feet high, perceiving the sight had deprived me of my senses, set himself to ravish me. This abuse made me come to myself; I recovered my senses, I cried, I struggled, I bit, I scratched, I wanted to tear out the huge Bulgarian's eyes, not considering that what had happened in my father's castle was a common thing in war. The brute gave me a cut with his hanger in the left flank, the mark of which I still bear about me." "Ah! I hope I shall see it," said the simple Candide. "You shall," answered Cunegonda; "but let us continue." "Do so," replied Candide.

She then resumed the thread of her story in this manner. "A Bulgarian captain came in, and saw me bleeding; but the soldier was not at all disconcerted. The captain flew into a passion at the little respect the brute showed him, and killed him upon my body. He then caused me to be dressed, and carried me as a prisoner of war to his own quarters. I washed the little linen he had, and dressed his victuals. He found me very pretty, I must say it; and I cannot deny

but he was well shaped, and that he had a white, soft skin; but otherwise he had little sense or philosophy; one might evidently see that he was not bred under Dr. Pangloss. At the end of three months having lost all his money, and being grown out of conceit with me, he sold me to a Jew, named *Don Issachar,* who traded to Holland and Portugal, and who had a most violent passion for women. This Jew laid close siege to my person, but could not triumph over me: I have resisted him better than I did the Bulgarian soldier. A woman of honor may be ravished once, but her virtue gathers strength from such rudeness. The Jew, in order to render me more tractable, brought me to this country-house that you see. I always imagined hitherto, that no place on earth was so fine as the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh; but I am now undeceived.

The grand inquisitor observing me one day at mass, ogled me pretty much, and got notice sent me that he wanted to speak with me upon private business. Being conducted to his palace, I informed him of my birth; upon which he represented to me, how much it was below my family to belong to an Israelite. A proposal was then made by him to Don Issachar, to yield me up to my Lord. But Don Issachar, who is the court-banker, and a man of credit, would not come into his measures. The inquisitor threatened him with an auto-da-fé. At last my Jew, being affrighted, concluded a bargain, by which the house and myself should belong to them both in common; that the Jew should have Monday, Friday, and Saturday, and the inquisitor the other days of the week. This agreement has now subsisted six months. It has not however been without quarrels; for it

has been often disputed whether Saturday night or Sunday belong to the old, or to the new law. For my part, I have hitherto resisted them both; and I believe that this is the reason I am still beloved by them.

At length, to avert the scourge of earthquakes, and to intimidate Don Issachar, it pleased his Lordship the Inquisitor to celebrate an auto-da-fé. He did me the honor to invite me to it. I got a very fine seat; and the ladies were served with refreshments between the mass and the execution. I was really seized with horror at seeing them burn the two Jews, and the honest Biscayner who married his godmother: but how great was my surprise, my consternation, my anguish, when I saw in a sanbenito and miter a person that somewhat resembled Pangloss! I rubbed my eyes, I looked upon him very attentively, and I saw him hanged: I fell into a swoon; and scarce had I recovered my senses, when I saw you stripped stark naked; this was the height of horror, consternation, grief, and despair. I will frankly own to you, that your skin is still whiter, and of a better complexion than that of my Bulgarian captain. This sight increased all the sensations that oppressed and distracted my soul. I cried out, I was going to say, Stop, barbarians; but my voice failed me, and my cries would have been to no purpose. When you had been severely whipped, How is it possible, said I, that the charming Candide, and the sage Pangloss, should both be at Lisbon, the one to receive a hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged by order of my Lord the Inquisitor, by whom I am greatly beloved? Pangloss certainly deceived me most cruelly, when he told, that everything is for the best in the world.

Being agitated, astonished, sometimes beside myself, and sometimes ready to die with weakness, I had my head filled with the massacre of my father, my mother, and my brother; the insolence of the vile Bulgarian soldier, the stab he gave me with his hanger; my abject servitude, and acting as cook to the Bulgarian captain; the rascal Don Issachar, my abominable inquisitor, the execution of Dr. Pangloss, the grand *Miserere* on the organ while you were whipped, and especially the kiss I gave you behind the screen, the last day I saw you. I praised the Lord for having restored you to me after so many trials. I charged my old woman to take care of you, and to bring you hither as soon as she could. She has executed her commission very well; I have tasted the inexpressible pleasure of seeing you, hearing you, and speaking to you. You must have a ravenous appetite by this time; I am hungry myself too; let us therefore sit down to supper."

On this they both sat down to table; and after supper they seated themselves on the fine couch which was mentioned before. They were here when Signor Don Issachar, one of the masters of the house, came thither. It was his sabbath-day; and he came to enjoy his right, and to express his tender love.

CHAPTER IX

What happened to Cunegonda, Candide, the grand inquisitor, and the Jew

HIS Issachar was the most choleric Hebrew that had been seen in Israel since the captivity in Babylon. "What," says he, "you bitch of a Galilean, is it not enough to take in Master Inquisitor? but must this varlet also share with me?" When he had thus spoken, he drew out a long poniard, which he always carried about him, and not suspecting that his antagonist had any arms, fell upon Candide; but our honest Westphalian had received a fine sword from the old woman, along with his full suit. He drew his rapier, and though he had the most agreeable temper, he laid the Israelite dead upon the spot, at the feet of Cunegonda.

"Holy Virgin!" cried she; "what will become of us? a man murdered in my apartment! If the peace-officer come, we are ruined." "If Pangloss had not been hanged," said Candide, "he would have given us excellent advice in this emergency; for he was a great philosopher. In this extremity let us consult the old woman."—She was a very prudent woman, and began to give her advice, when another little door opened. It was now about one o'clock in the morning, and consequently the beginning of Sunday. This day was

allotted to my Lord the Inquisitor. Entering, he saw the whipped Candide with a sword in his hand, a dead body stretched out on the floor, Cunegonda in a mighty fright, and the old woman giving advice.

See now what passed in Candide's mind at this instant, and how he reasoned. "If this holy man calls in assistance, he will infallibly have me burned; he may treat Cunegonda in the same manner; he has caused me be whipped without mercy; he is my rival; I am in the way of killing, there is no time to hesitate." This reasoning was clear and precipitate; and, without giving time to the inquisitor to recover from his surprise, he run him through the body, and laid him by the side of the Jew. "Behold, here is a second killed," said Cunegonda; "there is no pardon for us; we are excommunicated, our last hour is come. How could you, that was born so gentle, kill in two minutes time a Jew and a prelate?" "My fair Lady," answered Candide, "when one is in love, jealous, and whipped by the inquisition, one does not know what one does." The old woman then put in her word, and said, "There are three Andalusian horses in the stable, with their saddles and bridles, which the gallant Candide may get ready; Madam has some moidores and jewels; let us get on horseback without delay, though I cannot sit but on one buttock; and let us go to Cadiz: it is the finest time in the world, and very pleasant it is to travel in the cool of the night."

Candide immediately saddled the three horses. Cunegonda, the old woman, and he, traveled thirty miles on a stretch. While they were making the best of their way, the holy Hermandad came to the house; they buried my

Lord in a magnificent church, and threw Issachar upon a lay-stall.

Candide, Cunegonda, and the old woman, had now got to the little town of Avacena, in the middle of the mountains of Sierra Morena; and spoke as follows in an inn.

CHAPTER X

In what distress Candide, Cunegonda, and the old woman arrived at Cadiz, and of their embarkation

HO could have robbed me of my pistoles and my jewels?" said Cunegonda, with tears in her eyes: "what shall we live on? what shall we do? where shall I find inquisitors and Jews to give me more?" "Alas," said the old woman, "I strongly suspect a Rev. Father Cordelier, who lay yesterday in the same inn with us at Badajos. God preserve me from judging rashly, but he came twice into our chamber, and went away a long time before us." "Ah!" said Candide, "the good Pangloss has often demonstrated to me, that the goods of the earth are common to all men, and that every one has an equal right to them. According to these principles, the Cordelier ought to have left us enough to carry us to our journey's end. Have you nothing at all left then, my pretty Cunegonda?" "Not a farthing," said she. "What course shall we take?" said Candide. "Let us sell one of the horses," said the old woman; "I will mount behind Miss, though I can hold myself only on one buttock, and we shall reach Cadiz."

In the same inn was a Benedictine prior, who bought the horse very cheap. Candide, Cunegonda, and the old woman, passed through Lucena, Chillas, and Lebrixa, and arrived at

length at Cadiz. They were fitting out a fleet, and assembling troops, for bringing to reason the Rev. fathers the Jesuits of Paraguay, who were accused of having excited one of their hordes, near the city of St. Sacrement, to revolt from their allegiance to the Kings of Spain and Portugal. Candide having served among the Bulgarians, performed the exercise of that nation, before the commander of this little army, with so much grace, celerity, address, dexterity, and agility, that he gave him the command of a company of infantry. Being now made a captain, he embarked with Miss Cunegonda, the old woman, two valets, and the two Andalusian horses, which had belonged to his Lordship the grand inquisitor of Portugal.

During the whole voyage, they argued a great deal on the philosophy of poor Pangloss. "We are going to another world," said Candide; "it is there without doubt that everything is best. For it must be confessed, that one has reason to be a little uneasy at what passeth in our world, with respect both to physics and ethics." "I love you with all my heart," said Cunegonda; "but my mind is still terrified at what I have seen and experienced." "All will be well," replied Candide; "the sea of the new world is already preferable to those of our Europe; it is more calm, and the winds are more constant. Certainly the new world is the best of all possible worlds." "God grant it," said Cunegonda; "but I have been so terribly unfortunate in mine, that my heart is almost shut against hope." "You complain indeed," said the old woman to them; "alas! you have not met with such misfortunes as I have."

Cunegonda was almost ready to fall a-laughing, and

thought the old woman very comical, for pretending to be more unfortunate than herself. "Alas! my good dame," said Cunegonda, "unless you had been ravished by two Bulgarians, had received two cuts with a hanger in your belly, had had two castles demolished, had had two fathers and two mothers murdered, and had seen two lovers whipped at an auto-da-fé, I cannot see how you could have the advantage of me. Add to this, that I was born a baroness with seventy-two armorial quarterings, and that I have been a cook-maid." "My Lady," answered the old woman, "you know nothing of my extraction; and were I to show you my backside, you would not talk as you do, but would suspend your judgment." This discourse having raised an insatiable curiosity in the minds of Cunegonda and Candide, the old woman related her story in the following terms.

CHAPTER XI

The history of the old woman

I HAD not always eyes bleared, and bordered with red; my nose has not always touched my chin; nor have I been always a servant. I am the daughter of Pope Urban X. and of the Princess of Palestrina. I was brought up till I was fourteen, in a palace to which all the castles of your German barons would not have served for stables; and one of my robes cost more than all the magnificence in Westphalia. I increased in beauty, in charms, and in fine accomplishments, in the very center of pleasures, of homages, and of high expectations. I now began to captivate every heart. My neck was so formed, and what a neck! white, firm, and shaped like that of the Venus of Medicis. And what eyes! what eyelids! what fine black eyebrows! what flames sparkled from my eyeballs, and, as the poets of our country told me, eclipsed the twinkling of the stars! The maids who dressed and undressed me, fell into an ecstasy when they viewed me before and behind, and all the men would have been glad to have been in their places.

I was betrothed to a prince, the sovereign of Massa Carara. What a prince! as handsomė as myself, made up of sweetness and charms, of a witty mind, and burning with love.

I loved him, as one uses to do for the first time, with idolatry, with transport. Preparations were made for our nuptials. The pomp and magnificence were inconceivable; nothing but continual feasts, carousals, and operas; and all Italy made sonnets upon me, of which there was scarce one tolerable. I was just on the point of reaching the summit of happiness, when an old marchioness, who had been mistress to my prince, invited him to drink chocolate at her house. He died there in less than two hours time in terrible convulsions. But this is only a mere trifle. My mother in despair, and yet less afflicted than me, resolved to retreat for some time from so mournful a place. She had a very fine seat near Gaietta. We embarked on board a galley of the country, gilt like the altar of St. Peter's at Rome. We were scarce out at sea, when a corsair of Sallee fell upon us, and boarded us. Our soldiers defended themselves like those of the Pope; they all fell down upon their knees, after throwing away their arms, and asked absolution *in articulo mortis* of the corsair.

They instantly stripped us as naked as monkeys; my mother, our maids of honor, and myself too, meeting with no better usage. It is a very surprising thing with what expedition these gentry undress people. But what surprised me most was, that they should put their fingers into a place, into which we women seldom suffer anything to enter but pipes. This ceremony appeared very strange to me; but so we judge of everything that is not produced in our own country. I soon learned, however, that it was to search whether we had not concealed some of our jewels there. It is a custom established time out of mind among civilized

nations that scour the sea. I know that the gentlemen the religious knights of Malta never omit to practice it, when they take Turks of either sex. It is one of the laws of nations, from which they never deviate.

I need not tell you how great a hardship it is for a young princess and her mother to be carried slaves to Morocco. You may easily form a notion of all that we must suffer on board the vessel of the corsair. My mother was still very handsome; our maids of honor, nay our plain chambermaids, had more charms than are to be found throughout all Africa. As for myself, I was all attraction, I was all beauty, and all charms, nay more, I was a virgin. However, I was not one long: this flower, which had been reserved for the accomplished Prince of Massa Carara, was taken from me by the captain of the corsair. He was an ugly negro, but fancied he did me a great deal of honor. Indeed her Highness the Princess of Palestrina and myself must have been very strong to resist all the violence we met with till our arrival at Morocco. But let me pass over that: these are such common things, that they are scarce worth mentioning.

Morocco was overflowed with blood when we arrived there. Fifty sons of the Emperor Muley Ismael had each their adherents: this produced in effect fifty civil wars, of blacks against blacks, of blacks against tawnies, of tawnies against tawnies, and of mulattoes against mulattoes. In a word, there was one continued carnage all over the empire.

No sooner were we landed, than the blacks of a party adversaries to that of my corsair made an attempt to rob him of his booty. Next to the jewels and the gold, we were the most valuable things he had. I was here witness to such

a battle as you never saw in your European climates. The people of the north have not so much fire in their blood; nor have they that raging passion for women that is so common in Africa. One would think that you Europeans had nothing but milk in your veins; but it is vitriol and fire that runs in those of the inhabitants of Mount Atlas, and the neighboring countries. They fought with the fury of lions, tigers, and serpents of the country, to know who should have us. A moor seized my mother by the right arm, while my captain's lieutenant held her by the left; a moorish soldier then took hold of her by one leg, and our pirates held her by the other. All our women found themselves almost in a moment seized thus by four soldiers. My captain kept me concealed at his back. He had a scimitar in his hand, and killed every one that opposed his fury. In short, I saw all our Italian women, and my mother, torn in pieces, hacked, and mangled by the brutes that fought for them. My fellow-prisoners, those who had taken them, soldiers, sailors, blacks, whites, mulattoes, and lastly my captain himself, were all killed; and I remained expiring upon a heap of dead bodies. These barbarous scenes extended, as every one knows, over more than three hundred leagues, without ever omitting the five prayers a day ordained by Mahomet.

I disengaged myself with great difficulty from the weight of so many bloody carcases heaped upon me, and made a shift to crawl to a large orange-tree on the bank of a neighboring rivulet; where I fell down oppressed with fear, fatigue, horror, despair, and hunger. Soon after, my senses being overpowered, were locked up in a sleep, which resembled a fit rather than sleep. I was in this state of weakness

and insensibility, between death and life, when I felt myself pressed by something that moved upon my body. I opened my eyes, and saw a white man, of a very good aspect, who sighed, and muttered these words between his teeth, *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni! i. e.* "O this misfortune of being deprived of testicles!"

CHAPTER XII

The sequel of the old woman's adventures

STONISHED and transported to hear my own country-language, and not less surprised at the words uttered by the man, I made answer, that there might be far greater misfortunes than those he complained of. I then gave him a short hint of the horrid scenes I had undergone, and relapsed again into a swoon. He carried me to a neighboring house, caused me be put to bed, gave me something to eat, waited upon me, comforted and flattered me, and said, that he had never seen any one so handsome as me, and that he never regretted so much the loss of what no one could restore to him. "I was born at Naples," said he, "where they castrate two or three thousand children every year; some die of the operation, others acquire a finer voice than that of any woman, and others become sovereigns of states. This operation was performed on me with great success, and I became a singer in the chapel of her Highness the Princess of Palestrina." "Of my mother!" cried I. "Of your mother!" cried he again, shedding tears. "What! are you that young princess, whom I had the care of bringing up till she was six years old, and who promised even then to be as handsome

as you are now?" "It is I myself: my mother lies about four hundred paces from hence, cut into four quarters, under a heap of dead bodies."

I related to him all that had befallen me: he likewise told me his adventures; and informed me, that he was sent to the King of Morocco, by a Christian power, to conclude a treaty with that monarch, by which he was to furnish him with ammunition, artillery, and ships, to enable him entirely to destroy the commerce of other Christians. "My commission is fulfilled," said the honest eunuch to me; "I am going to embark at Ceuta, and will carry you to Italy. But O my misfortune in wanting testicles!"

I thanked him with the tears of gratitude; but instead of conducting me to Italy, he carried me to Algiers, and sold me to the Dey of that province. Scarce was I sold, when the plague, which had made the tour of Africa, Asia, and Europe, broke out at Algiers with great fury. You have seen earthquakes; but pray, Miss, have you ever had the plague? "Never," replied the Baroness.

If you had had it, replied the old woman, you would confess that it is far more terrible than an earthquake. It is very common in Africa; I was seized with it. Figure to yourself the situation of a Pope's daughter, about fifteen years of age, who, in the space of three months, had undergone poverty and slavery, had been ravished almost every day, had seen her mother cut into four quarters, had experienced both famine and war, and was dying of the plague at Algiers. I did not die for all that. But my eunuch, and the Dey, and almost all the seraglio at Algiers, perished.

When the first ravages of this dreadful pestilence were

over, they sold the slaves belonging to the Dey. A merchant purchased me, and carried me to Tunis. There he sold me to another merchant, who sold me again at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was sold again at Alexandria; from Alexandria I was sold again at Smyrna; and from Smyrna at Constantinople. At last I became the property of an aga of the Janisaries; who was soon after ordered to go to the defense of Asoph, then besieged by the Russians.

The aga, who was a man of great gallantry, took all his seraglio along with him, and lodged us in a small fort on the Palus Mæotis, under the guard of two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers. We killed a great number of the Russians, who returned the compliment with interest. Asoph was put to fire and sword, and no regard was paid to age or sex. There remained only our little fort; which the enemy resolved to reduce by famine. The twenty janisaries had sworn that they would never surrender. The extremities of famine to which they were reduced, obliged them to eat our two eunuchs, for fear of violating their oath; and a few days after they resolved to devour the women.

We had an Iman, a very religious and humane man. He preached an excellent sermon to them, in which he dissuaded them from killing us all at once. "Cut off only one of the buttocks of these ladies," said he, "and you will fare extremely well: if you must come to it again, you will have the same entertainment a few days hence: Heaven will bless you for so charitable an action, and you will find relief."

As he had an eloquent tongue, he easily persuaded them. This horrible operation was performed upon us; and the Iman applied the same balsam to us that is applied to chil-

dren after they are circumcised. We were all ready to die.

The janisaries had scarce finished the repast with which we had supplied them, when the Russians came in flat-bottomed boats; and not a single janisary escaped. The Russians showed no concern about the condition we were in. As there are French surgeons in every country, one of them who was a person of very great skill, took us under his care, and cured us; and I will remember it all my life, that when my wounds were pretty well healed, he made me amorous proposals. To be short, he bid us all comfort ourselves; and assured us, that the like misfortune had happened in several sieges, and that it was the law of war.

As soon as my companions were able to walk, they were obliged to go to Moscow. I fell to the lot of a Boyard, who made me his gardener, and gave me twenty lashes with his whip every day. But my Lord having been broke on the wheel, within two years after, along with thirty more Boyards, on account of some bustle at court, I availed myself of this event, and made my escape. After traversing all Russia, I was a long time servant to an inn-keeper at Riga, afterwards at Rostock, Wismar, Leipsic, Cassel, Utrecht, Leyden, the Hague, and Rotterdam. I grew old in misery and disgrace, having only one half of my posteriors, but still remembering that I was a Pope's daughter. A hundred times have I had thoughts of killing myself; but still I was fond of life. This ridiculous weakness is perhaps one of our most melancholy foibles. For can anything be more stupid, than to be desirous of continually carrying a burden, which one has a mind to throw down on the ground? to dread exist-

ence, and yet preserve it? in a word, to caress the serpent that devours us, till he has gnawed our very heart?

In the countries through which it has been my fate to travel, and in the inns where I have been a servant, I have seen a prodigious number of people who looked upon their own existence as a curse; but I never knew of more than eight who voluntarily put an end to their misery, *viz.* three negroes, four Englishmen, and a German professor, named *Robeck*. My last service was with Don Issachar the Jew, who placed me near your person, my fair Lady. I am resolved to share your fate; and I have been more affected with your misfortunes than my own. I should never have spoke of my sufferings, if you had not vexed me a little, and if it had not been customary on board a ship to tell stories, by way of amusement. In short, Miss, I have a good deal of experience, and I have known the world. Divert yourself, and prevail upon each passenger to tell you his story; and if there is one found who has not frequently cursed his life, and has not as often said to himself, that he was the unhappiest of mortals, I will give you leave to throw me into the sea, with my head foremost.

CHAPTER XIII

How Candide was obliged to part from the fair Cunegonda and the old woman

HE beautiful Cunegonda having heard the old woman's story, paid her all the civilities that were due to a person of her rank and merit. She approved of her proposal; and engaged all the passengers, one after another, to relate their adventures: and then both Candide and she confessed, that the old woman was in the right. "It is a great pity," said Candide, "that the sage Pangloss was hanged, contrary to custom, at the auto-da-fé; for he would tell us most surprising things concerning the physical and moral evil which cover both land and sea; and I should be bold enough, with due respect, to propose some objections."

While each passenger was relating his story, the ship advanced in her voyage. They landed at Buenos-Ayres. Cunegonda, Capt. Candide, and the old woman, waited on the governor, Don Fernandes d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza. This nobleman was possessed of pride suitable to a person dignified with so many titles. He spoke to other people with so noble a disdain, carried his nose so high, raised his voice so intolerably, assumed so imperious an air, and affected so lofty a gait, that all those

who saluted him were tempted to beat him. He was an excessive lover of the fair sex. Cunegonda appeared to him the prettiest woman he had ever seen. The first thing he did, was to ask whether she was not the Captain's wife? The manner in which he proposed the question alarmed Candide. He durst not say that she was his wife, because in reality she was not; he durst not tell him that she was his sister, because she was not that either: and though this officious lie might have been of service to him, yet his soul was too refined to betray the truth. "Miss Cunegonda," said he, "intends me the honor of marrying me, and we beseech your Excellency to grace our nuptials with your presence."

Don Fernandes d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, turning up his mustaches, forced a grim smile, and ordered Capt. Candide to go and review his company. Candide obeyed, and the Governor remained alone with Miss Cunegonda. He declared his passion, protested that he would marry her the next day in the face of the church, or otherwise, as it should be agreeable to a person of her charms. Cunegonda desired a quarter of an hour to consider of the proposal, to consult with the old woman, and to take her resolution.

Says the old woman to Cunegonda: "Miss, you can reckon up seventy-two descents in your family, and not one farthing in your pocket. It is now in your power to be wise to the greatest lord in South America, who has very pretty whiskers; and what occasion have you to pique yourself upon inviolable fidelity? You have been ravished by the Bulgarians; a Jew and an inquisitor have been in your good graces. Misfortunes have no law on their side. I confess,

were I in your place, I should have no scruple to marry the governor, and to make my Lord Capt. Candide's fortune."

While the old woman was thus speaking, with all the prudence which age and experience dictated, they descried a small vessel entering the port, which had on board an alcaid and alguazils. The occasion of their voyage was this.

The old woman had shrewdly guessed, that it was a cordelier with a great sleeve that stole the money and jewels from Cunegonda in the city of Badajos, when she and Candide were making their escape. The friar having offered to sell some of the diamonds to a jeweler, he knew them to be the inquisitor's. The cordelier, before he was hanged, confessed he had stole them. He described the persons he had stole them from, and told the route they had taken. The flight of Cunegonda and Candide being by this means discovered, they were traced to Cadiz; where a vessel was immediately sent in pursuit of them; and now the vessel was in the port of Buenos-Ayres. A report was spread, that an alcaid was going to land, and that he was in pursuit of the murderers of my Lord the grand inquisitor. The old woman saw in a moment what was to be done. "You cannot run away," said she to Cunegonda, "and you have nothing to fear; it was not you that killed my Lord; and besides, the governor, who is in love with you, will not suffer you to be ill treated: therefore stay here." She then ran to Candide: "Fly," said she, "or in an hour you will be burned alive." He had not a moment to lose: but how could he part from Cunegonda, and where could he fly for shelter?

CHAPTER XIV

How Candide and Cacambo were received by the Jesuits of Paraguay

ANDIDE had brought such a valet with him from Cadiz, as one often meets with in abundance on the coasts of Spain, and in the colonies. He was a fourth part a Spaniard, born of a mongrel in Tucuman; and had been a singing-boy, a sexton, a sailor, a monk, a factor, a soldier, and a lackey. His name was *Cacambo,* and he had an entire regard to his master, because his master was a very good sort of man. Having saddled the two Andalusian horses with all expedition: "Let us go, Master, let us follow the old woman's advice, let us set off, and run without looking behind us." Candide dropped some tears: "O my dear Cunegonda," says he, "must I leave you just at a time when the governor is going to see us married! Cunegonda, when you are brought so far, what will become of you?" "She will do as well as she can," said Cacambo; "women are never at a loss; God will provide for her; let us run." "Whither art thou carrying me?" said Candide: "where are we going? what shall we do without Cunegonda?" "By St. James of Compostella," said Cacambo, "you were going to fight against the Jesuits; now let us go and fight for them. I know the road perfectly well; I will con-

duct you to their kingdom; they will be charmed to have a captain that knows the Bulgarian exercise; you will make a prodigious fortune; though one cannot find his account in one world, he may in another. It is a great pleasure to see variety of objects, and to perform new exploits."

"Have you then been at Paraguay?" said Candide. "Yes, in truth, I have," said Cacambo: "I was usher to the college of Assumption, and am acquainted with the government of the good fathers, as well as I am with the streets of Cadiz. It is an admirable sort of government. The kingdom is upwards of three hundred leagues in diameter, and divided into thirty provinces. The fathers there are masters of everything, and the people have nothing. It is the masterpiece of reason and justice. For my part, I see nothing so divine as the good fathers, who wage war here against the Kings of Spain and Portugal, and in Europe are their confessors; who in this country kill Spaniards, and at Madrid send them to heaven. This transports me: let us therefore push forward; you are going to be the happiest of mortals. What pleasure will it be to those fathers, when they know that a captain who understands the Bulgarian exercise, comes to offer them his service!"

As soon as they reached the first pass, Cacambo told the advanced guard, that a captain desired to speak with my Lord the commandant. They went to inform the main guard of it. A Paraguayan officer ran on foot to the commandant, to impart the news to him. Candide and Cacambo were at first disarmed, and their two Andalusian horses seized. The two strangers were introduced between two files of musketeers: the commandant was at the further end,

with a three-cornered cap on his head, his gown tucked up, a sword by his side, and a spontoon in his hand. He made a signal, and straightway four and twenty soldiers surrounded the new comers. A sergeant told them they must wait; that the commandant could not speak to them; that the Rev. Father Provincial does not permit any Spaniard to open his mouth but in his presence, or to stay above three hours in the province. "And where is the Rev. Father Provincial?" said Cacambo. "He is upon the parade, after saying mass," answered the sergeant; "and you cannot kiss his spurs in less than three hours." "But," said Cacambo, "my master, the Captain, who is ready to die for hunger as well as myself, is not a Spaniard, but a German: cannot we have something for breakfast, while we wait for his Reverence?"

The sergeant went that instant, to give an account of this discourse to the commandant. "God be praised," said the Rev. Commandant; "since he is a German, I may speak with him; bring him into my arbor." Candide was immediately conducted into a green pavilion, decorated with a very handsome balustrade of green and gold marble, with intertextures of vines, containing parrots, humming-birds, fly-birds, Guinea-hens, and all other sorts of rare birds. An excellent breakfast was provided in vessels of gold; and while the Paraguayans were eating Indian corn out of wooden dishes, in the open fields, exposed to the sultry heat of the sun, the Rev. Father Commandant retired to his arbor.

He was a very handsome young man, with a full face, tolerably fair, fresh colored, his eyebrows were arched, his eye full of fire, his ear red, his lips like vermilion; his air was

somewhat fierce, but of a fierceness which differed both from that of a Spaniard and a Jesuit. They now returned Candide and Cacambo their arms, which had been taken from them, together with the two Andalusian horses; which Cacambo took the liberty to feed near the arbor, keeping his eye upon them, for fear of a surprise.

Candide immediately kissed the hem of the commandant's garment; after which they both, by his order, sat down to table. "You are a German then?" said the Jesuit to him, in that language. "Yes, my Reverend Father," said Candide. In pronouncing these words, they looked on each other with an extreme surprise, which they were not able to account for. "And what part of Germany do you belong to?" said the Jesuit. "To the lower part of Westphalia," said Candide: "I was born in the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh." "Heavens! is it possible!" cried the commandant. "What a miracle is this!" cried Candide. "Is it you?" said the commandant. "'Tis impossible!" said Candide. On this they both fell backwards; but getting up again, embraced each other, and shed tears. "What! is it you, my Reverend Father! you! the brother of the fair Cunegonda! you, that was slain by the Bulgarians! you, the Baron's son! are you a Jesuit at Paraguay! I must confess, that this is a strange world indeed! Ah Pangloss! Pangloss! how glad would you have been, if you had not been hanged!"

The commandant ordered the negro slaves, and the Paraguayans, that poured out their liquor in cups of rock crystal, to retire. He thanked God, and St. Ignatius, a thousand times; folded Candide in his arms; their faces being all the while bathed in tears. "You will be more astonished, more

affected, more out of your wits," said Candide, "when I tell you that Miss Cunegonda, your sister, who you thought was ripped up, is as well as I am." "Where!" "In your neighborhood, at the house of the governor of Buenos-Ayres; and I was coming to fight against you." Every word they spoke in this long conversation, heaped surprise upon surprise. Their souls dwelt upon their tongues, listened in their ears, and sparkled in their eyes. As they were Germans, they made a long meal, (according to custom,) waiting for the Reverend Father the Provincial; when the commandant thus addressed his dear Candide.

CHAPTER XV

How Candide killed the brother of his dear Cunegonda

I SHALL ever have present to my memory that horrible day wherein I saw my father and mother killed, and my sister ravished. When the Bulgarians were gone, my sweet sister was nowhere to be found; and I, together with my father and mother, two maids, and three little lads that were murdered, were slung into a cart, in order to be buried in a chapel, which belonged to the Jesuits, about two leagues distant from our family-castle. A Jesuit sprinkled us with holy water, which being very salt, and some drops falling into my eyes, the Father could perceive my eyeballs move; on which he put his hand upon my side, and felt my heart beat: I was taken care of; and in about three weeks time, no one would have thought that anything had ailed me. You know very well, my dear Candide, I was very handsome, but I grew more so: on which account the Reverend Father Didrius, superior of the house, conceived a very great affection for me; gave me the habit of a novice; and some time after, sent me to Rome. The superior was then looking out for a recruit of young Jesuits from Germany. For the rulers of Paraguay take as few Spanish Jesuits as they can; but choose foreigners, because they think they can tyrannize over them as they please. I was

therefore made choice of by the Reverend Father-General, as a proper person to go to work in this vineyard. I set sail in company with a Polander, and a Tirolesian. On my arrival I was honored with a sub-deaconry and a lieutenancy. At present I am a colonel and a priest. We shall give the King of Spain's army a warm reception; I can assure you that they will be excommunicated, and beaten. Providence has sent you hither to assist us. But is it true, that my dear sister Cunegonda is in our neighborhood, at the governor of Buenos-Ayres's house?" Candide swore that it was as true as the gospel. On this their tears gushed out afresh.

The Baron could not refrain embracing Candide, whom he called his brother and his protector. "Ah, perhaps," said he, "we two may enter the city in triumph, and recover my sister Cunegonda." "There is nothing I could wish for more," said Candide; "for I expected to be married to her before tomorrow, and I have some hopes I shall yet." "The insolence of the fellow!" replied the Baron; "would you have the impudence to marry my sister, who can show seventy-two quarterings in her coat of arms?" Candide being quite thunderstruck at this, made him the following reply: "My Reverend Father, all the quarterings in the world do not signify a farthing. I have delivered your sister from the hand of a Jew, and an inquisitor; she lies under a great many obligations to me; and is willing to marry me. Master Pangloss always told me that all men are equal. I am sure I shall have her." "We will see whether you shall or no, you villain!" said the Jesuit Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh; and at the same time gave him a blow on the face with the flat part of his sword. Candide drew his immediately, and

plunged it up to the hilt in the Baron's body; but drawing it out again, and looking upon it as it reeked, he cried out, "O God! I have killed my old master, my friend, my brother-in-law. I am one of the best-natured men in the world, yet I have killed three men, and of the three, there were two of them priests." Cacambo, who stood sentry at the door of the arbor, and who heard the noise, ran in. "We have nothing now to do but to sell our lives as dear as we can," said his master to him; "and if they should force their way into the arbor, let us at least die with our arms in our hands."

Cacambo, who had been in circumstances of a similar nature, did not stand to rack his brains for an expedient; but took the Jesuit's dress, which the Baron wore, put it upon Candide, gave him the dead man's cap, and made him mount his horse. All this was done in the twinkling of an eye. "Let us gallop away, Master," says he; "everybody will take you for some Jesuit that is going express, and we shall get to the frontiers before they can overtake us." He fled like lightning, before these words were quite out of his mouth, crying out in Spanish, "Make way, make way for the Reverend Father, the Colonel."

CHAPTER XVI

What passed between our two travelers, and two girls, two monkeys, and the savages called Oreillons

CANDIDE and his valet had got beyond the pass, before any person in the camp knew a syllable of the death of the German Jesuit. The provident Cacambo had taken care to fill his wallet with bread, chocolate, hams, and some bottles of wine. They pushed with their Andalusian horses into a strange country, where they could not discover any path or road. At last a pleasant meadow, which was divided by a river, presented itself to their eyes. Our two travelers turned their horses a-grazing. And Cacambo made a proposal to his master to eat a bit, and at the same time set him the example. "Do you think," said Candide, "that I can feast upon ham, when I have killed the Baron's son, and find myself under a necessity never to see Cunegonda again, as long as I live? What signifies it to prolong my days in misery, since I must drag them far from her, a prey to remorse and despair? and what will the Journal of Trevoux say of me?"

Having thus spoke, he refused to eat a morsel. The sun was now set; when our two wanderers, to their very great surprise, heard a faint cry, which seemed to come from some women. It was not easy to determine whether it was oc-

casioned by distress or mirth; they rose immediately with all the anxiety and apprehension to which people are subject in a strange place. The noise was made by two girls that ran stark naked on the banks of the meadow, pursued by two large monkeys that bit their backsides. Candide was moved with pity; and as he had learned to shoot among the Bulgarians, and was so good a marksman, that he would hit a nut in a bush without touching the leaves, he took up his Spanish fuzee, which was double-charged, and killed the two monkeys. "God be praised, my dear Cacambo," said he, "I have delivered the two poor girls from this great danger; however, if I have been guilty of a sin in killing the inquisitor, I have now made ample amends for it by saving the lives of the two girls. They may chance to prove a couple of ladies of rank; and who knows but this adventure may do us some service in this country?"

He was going on at this rate, thinking that he had done a great feat; but how great was his surprise, when, instead of rejoicing, he saw the two girls embracing the monkeys with all the marks of the most tender affection! they bathed their bodies with tears, and filled the air with shrieks that testified the deepest distress. "I could never have expected to have seen so much as this," said he to Cacambo; who replied, "You have done a fine piece of work indeed, Sir, you have killed the ladies' two sweethearts." "Their sweethearts! is it possible! you are in jest sure, Cacambo: who the deuce could believe you to be in earnest?" "My dear Sir," replied Cacambo, "you are always for making mountains of molehills; why should you think it incredible, that there are some countries where monkeys enjoy the favors

of the ladies? why, they are got by human creatures, in the same manner as I was got by a Spaniard." "Ay," replied Candide, "now I recollect, Mr. Pangloss has told me, that there may be many an instance of this kind, and that these mixtures gave birth to the Egipans, Fauns, and Satyrs; that a great many of the ancients had seen them with their own eyes: but I always looked upon it as a mere romance." "You ought, at present, to see your mistake," said Cacambo, "and own that the Doctor was in the right. And you may see what influence the prejudice of education has upon the understanding. All I am afraid of is, that these ladies will play us some unlucky trick."

These wise reflections induced Candide to quit the meadow, and take to a wood; where he and Cacambo supped together: and, after heartily cursing the Portuguese inquisitor, the governor of Buenos-Ayres, and the Baron, they fell asleep.

On their waking, they found that they could not stir: for the Oreillons, the inhabitants of the country, whom the two lasses had informed of their adventure, had bound them in the nighttime, with cords made of the bark of a tree. They were surrounded by a body of fifty Oreillons, stark naked, armed with arrows, clubs, and hatchets made of flint: some of them were making a great cauldron boil, others preparing spits; and all of them crying out, "He's a Jesuit, he's a Jesuit; we will make him pay sauce for it, we will pick his bones for him; let us eat the Jesuit, let us eat the Jesuit."

"You may remember I told you, my dear master," cried Cacambo in a lamentable tone, "that those two lasses would play us some ugly trick."

Cacambo, who was never at a loss for an invention: "Never despair," said he to the disconsolate Candide. "I understand the jargon of these people a little, and am going to speak to them." "Don't fail," said Candide, "to represent to them the inhumanity of dressing men for meat, and set forth what an unchristian practice it is."

"Gentlemen," says Cacambo, "you fancy that you shall feast on a Jesuit today; a very good dish, I make no doubt, nor is there anything more just than to serve one's enemies so. In effect, the law of nature teaches us to kill our neighbor, and it is a principle which is put in practice all over the globe. If we do not make use of the right of eating him, it is because we have plenty of victuals without it; but as you have not that advantage, it must certainly be better for you to eat your enemies, than fling away the fruit of your victories as a feast to crows and ravens. But, Gentlemen, I suppose you would not be for eating your friends. You fancy you are going to spit a Jesuit; but, believe me, I assure you it is your defender, it is the enemy of your enemies that you are going to roast. As for my part, I was born among you. The gentleman you see here, is my master, and so far from being a Jesuit, he has just now killed a Jesuit, and he is only dressed in his spoils; which is the cause of your mistake. In order to confirm my assertion, let one of you take his gown off, carry it to the first pass of the government of the fathers, and inform himself whether my master has not killed a Jesuit-officer. It is an affair that won't take up much time; and you may always have it in your power to eat us, if you catch me in a lie. But if I have told you the truth, and nothing but the truth, you are too well acquainted with the

principles of natural right, morality, and law, not to show us some favor."

The Oreillons were so fully convinced of the reasonableness of his proposal, that they deputed two of their chiefs to go and inform themselves of the truth of what he had told them. The two deputies acquitted themselves of their charge like men of sense, and returned soon with a favorable account. The Oreillons then unbound their prisoners, showed them a thousand civilities, offered them women, gave them something to refresh them, and conducted them back again to the confines of their state, crying all the while, like madmen, "He is no Jesuit, he is no Jesuit."

Candide could not help admiring the subject of his deliverance. "What a people!" said he; "What men! what manners! If I had not had the good luck to whip Miss Cunegonda's brother through the lungs, I should inevitably have been eaten up. But, after all, the dictates of pure nature are always best, since this people, instead of eating me, showed me a thousand civilities as soon as they knew that I was not a Jesuit."

CHAPTER XVII

The arrival of Candide and his man at the country of Eldorado, and what they saw there

HEN they had reached the frontiers of the Oreillons, "You see now," said Cacambo to Candide, "that this part of the world is not one pin better than the other. Take a fool's advice for once, and let us return to Europe, as fast as ever we can." "How is that possible?" said Candide: "And pray what part of it would you have us go to? Shall I go into my own country? the Bulgarians and Abarians kill all they meet with there; if I return to Portugal, I am sure I shall be burned alive; if we stay in this country, we run the hazard of being roasted every moment. And again, how can I think of leaving that part of the globe where Miss Cunegonda lives?"

"Why then, let us take our course towards Cayenne," said Cacambo; "we shall meet with some Frenchmen there, for you know they are to be met with all over the globe; perhaps they will give us some relief, and God may have pity upon us."

"It was no easy matter for them to go to Cayenne, as they did not know whereabouts it lay; besides, mountains, rivers, precipices, banditti, and savages, were difficulties they were sure to encounter with in their journey. Their horses died with fatigue, and their provisions were soon consumed.

After having lived a whole month on the wild fruits, they found themselves on the banks of a small river, which was bordered by cacao trees, which at once preserved their lives, and kept up their hopes.

Cacambo, who was on all occasions as good a counselor as the old woman, said to Candide, "We can hold out no longer; we have walked enough already, and here's an empty canoe upon the shore, let's fill it with cocoa, then get on board, and let it drive with the stream: a river always carries one to some inhabited place. If we don't meet what we like, we are sure to meet with something new." "Why, what you say is very right, e'en let us go," said Candide, "and recommend ourselves to the care of Providence."

They rowed some leagues between the two banks, which were enameled with flowers in some places, in others barren, in some parts level, and in others very steep. The river grew broader as they proceeded, and, at last, lost itself in a spacious horizon, that was bounded by some frightful rocks, which reached as high as the clouds. Our two travelers had the courage to trust themselves to the stream. The river being very narrow in this place, drove them along with such a rapidity and noise as filled them with the utmost horror. In about four and twenty hours they got sight of day-light again, but their canoe was dashed in pieces against the breakers. They were obliged to crawl from one rock to another for a whole league; after which they got sight of a spacious plain, bounded with inaccessible mountains. The country was cultivated both for pleasure and profit; which latter was always mixed with the agreeable. The roads were covered, or, more properly speaking, were adorned with car-

riages, whose figure and materials were very brilliant; they were full of men and women, of an extraordinary beauty, and drawn with great swiftness, by large red sheep, which for fleetness surpassed the finest horses of Andalusia, Tetuan, or Mequinez.

"This certainly," said Candide, "is a better country than Westphalia." He and Cacambo got on shore near the first village they came to. The very children of the village were dressed in gold brocades, all tattered, playing at quoits at the entrance of the town. Our two travelers from the other world amused themselves with looking at them. The quoits were made of large round pieces, yellow, red, and green, and cast a surprising light. Our travelers' hands itched prodigiously to be fingering some of them: for they were almost certain, that they were either gold, emeralds, or rubies, the least of which would have been no small ornament to the throne of the Great Mogul. "To be sure," said Cacambo, "these must be the children of the king of the country, diverting themselves at quoits." The master of the village coming at that instant to call them to school: "That's the preceptor to the Royal family," cried Candide.

The little brats immediately quitted their play, leaving their quoits and other playthings behind them. Candide picked them up, ran to the schoolmaster, and presented them to him with a great deal of humility, acquainting him, by signs, that their Royal Highnesses had forgot their gold and jewels. The master of the village smiled, and flung them upon the ground; and having stared at Candide with some degree of surprise, walked off.

Our travelers did not fail immediately to pick up the gold,

rubies, and emeralds. "Where are we got to now?" cried Candide. "The princes of the blood must certainly be well educated here, since they are taught to make so light of gold and jewels." Cacambo was as much surprised as Candide. At length they drew near to the first house in the village, which was built like one of our European palaces. There was a vast crowd of people at the door, and still a greater within. They heard very good music, and their nostrils were saluted by a most refreshing smell from the kitchen.

Cacambo went up to the door, and heard they were speaking the Peruvian language, which was his mother-tongue; for every one knows that Cacambo was born at Tucuman, in a village where they make use of no other language. "I'll be your interpreter, master, master," cried Cacambo, in the greatest raptures, "this is an inn; in with you, in with you."

Immediately two waiters and two maids that belonged to the house, dressed in cloths of gold tissue, and having their hair tied back with ribbons, invited them to sit down to table with the landlord. They served up four soups, each garnished with two parroquets, a large dish of bouillé, that weighed about two hundred weight; two apes roasted, of an excellent taste, three hundred humming-birds in one plate, and six hundred fly-birds in another; together with exquisite ragouts, and the most delicious tarts, all upon plates of a species of rock-crystal. After which the lads and maids served them with a great variety of liquors made from the sugar-canes.

The guests were mostly tradesmen and carriers, all extremely polite; who asked some questions of Cacambo with

the greatest discretion and circumspection, and received as satisfactory answers.

When the repast was ended, Cacambo thought, as well as Candide, to discharge their reckoning, by putting down two of the large pieces of gold which they had picked up. But the landlord and landlady burst out into a prodigious fit of laughing, and could not restrain it for some time. Recovering themselves at last: "Gentlemen," says the landlord, "we can see pretty well that you are strangers; we are not much used to such guests here. Pardon us, if we fell a-laughing, when you offered us the stones of our highways in discharge of your reckoning. It is plain you have got none of the money of this kingdom; but there is no occasion for it, in order to dine here. All the inns, which are established for the conveniency of trade, are maintained by the government. You have had but sorry entertainment here, because this is but a poor village; but anywhere else you will be sure to be received in a manner suitable to your merit."

Cacambo explained the host's speech to Candide, who heard it with as much astonishment and wonder as his friend Cacambo interpreted it. "What country can this be," said they to each other, "which is unknown to the rest of the earth, and of so different a nature from ours? It is probably that country where everything is right; for it is necessary that there should be one of that sort. And for all Doctor Pangloss has said, I could not help taking notice many a time that things were very bad in Westphalia."

CHAPTER XVIII

What they saw in the country of Eldorado

CACAMBO could not conceal his curiosity from his landlord. "For my part," said the landlord to him, "I am very ignorant, but not the worse on that account: but we have an old man here, who has retired from court, and is reckoned both the wisest and the most communicative person in the kingdom." And saying this, without any more ado, he conducted Cacambo to the old man's house. Candide acted now only a second character in the play, and followed his servant. They entered into a very plain house; for the door was nothing but silver, and the ceilings nothing but gold, but finished with so much taste, that the richest ceilings of Europe could not surpass them. The antechamber was indeed only covered with rubies and emeralds, but the order in which everything was arranged, made amends for this great simplicity.

The old gentleman received the two strangers on a sofa stuffed with the feathers of humming-birds, and ordered them to be served with liquors in vessels of diamond; after which he satisfied their curiosity in the following manner.

"I am now in my hundredth and seventy-second year; and I have heard my deceased father, who was groom to his Majesty, mention the surprising revolutions of Peru, of

which he was an eye-witness. The kingdom we are in at present, is the ancient country of the Incas, who left it very indiscreetly in order to conquer one part of the world; instead of which, they themselves were all destroyed by the Spaniards.

The princes of their family who remained in their native country, were more wise; they made a law, by the unanimous consent of the whole nation, that none of our inhabitants should ever go out of our little kingdom; and it is owing to this, that we have preserved both our innocence and our happiness. The Spaniards have had some confused idea of this country, and have called it *El Dorado;* and an Englishman, named Sir *Walter Raleigh,* has likewise been on our coasts above a hundred years ago: but as we are surrounded by inaccessible rocks and precipices, we have always been hitherto sheltered from the rapacity of the European nations, who are inspired with an inconceivable rage for the stones and dirt of our land, and who, to possess themselves of them, would murder us all, to the very last man."

Their conference was pretty long, and turned upon the form of their government, their manners, their women, their public shows, and their arts. At last Candide, who had always a taste for metaphysics, bid Cacambo ask, if there was any religion in that country?

The old gentleman reddening a little, "How is it possible," said he, "that you should question it? Do you take us for ungrateful wretches?" Cacambo then humbly asked him, what the religion of Eldorado was? This made the old gentleman redden again. "Can there be more religions than

one?" said he: "We profess, I believe, the religion of the whole world; we worship the Deity from evening to morning." "Do you worship but one God?" said Cacambo, who still acted as interpreter in representing Candide's doubts. "You may be sure we do," said the old man; "since it is evident there can be neither two, nor three, nor four. I must confess, that the people of your world propose very odd questions." Candide was not yet wearied in interrogating the good old man: he wanted to know how they prayed to God in Eldorado. "We never pray at all," said the good respectable sage; "we have nothing to ask of him; he has given us all we need, and we incessantly return him thanks."

Candide had a curiosity to see their priests, and bid Cacambo ask, where they were. This made the old gentleman smile. "My friends," said he, "we are all of us priests; the King, and the heads of every family, sing their solemn songs of thanksgiving every morning, accompanied by five or six thousand musicians." "What!" said Cacambo, "have you no monks to preach, to dispute, to tyrannize, to set people together by the ears, and get those burned who are not of the same sentiments as themselves?" "We must be very fools indeed if we had," said the old gentleman; "we are all of us of the same opinion here, and we don't understand what you mean by your monks."

Candide was in an ecstasy during all this discourse, and said to himself, "This place is vastly different from Westphalia, and my Lord the Baron's castle. If our friend Pangloss had seen Eldorado, he would never have maintained, that nothing upon earth could surpass the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh. It is plain everybody should travel."

After this long conversation was finished, the good old man ordered a coach and six sheep to be got ready, and twelve of his domestics to conduct the travelers to the court. "Excuse me," says he to them, "if my age deprives me of the honor of attending you. The King will receive you in a manner that you will not be displeased with; and you will, I doubt not, make allowance for the customs of the country, if you should meet with anything that you disapprove of."

Candide and Cacambo got into the coach; the six sheep flew, and in less than four hours they reached the King's palace, which was situated at one end of the metropolis. The gate was two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred broad; it is impossible to describe the materials it was composed of. But one may easily guess, that it must have prodigiously surpassed those stones and the sand which we call gold and jewels.

Candide and Cacambo, on their alighting from the coach, were received by twenty maids of honor, of an exquisite beauty, who conducted them to the baths, and presented them with robes made of the down of the humming-birds; after which the great officers and their ladies introduced them into his Majesty's apartment, between two rows of musicians, consisting of a thousand in each, according to the custom of the country.

When they approached the foot of the throne, Cacambo asked one of the great officers, in what manner they were to behave when they went to pay their respects to his Majesty, whether they were to fall down on their knees or their bellies; whether they were to put their hands upon their heads or upon their backsides; whether they were to lick up the

dust of the room; and, in a word, what the ceremony was? "The custom is," said the great officer, "to embrace the King, and kiss him on both sides." Candide and Cacambo accordingly clasped his Majesty round the neck, who received them in the most polite manner imaginable, and very genteelly invited them to sup with him.

In the interim, they showed them the city, the public edifices, that reach almost as high as the clouds, the market-places embellished with a thousand columns; fountains of pure water, besides others of rose-water, and the liquors that are extracted from the sugar-canes, which played incessantly in the squares, which were paved with a kind of precious stones, that diffused a fragrance like that of cloves or cinnamon. Candide asking them to show them one of their courts of justice, and their parliament-house, they told him they had none, and that they were strangers to law-suits. He then inquired if they had any prisons, and was told they had not. What surprised him most, and gave him the greatest pleasure, was the palace of sciences, in which he saw a gallery of two thousand paces, full of instruments for making experiments in philosophy.

After having gone over about a thousandth part of the city in the afternoon, they were reconducted to the palace. Candide seated himself at table with his Majesty, his valet Cacambo, and a great many ladies. Never was there a better entertainment seen; and never was more wit shown at table, than what his Majesty displayed. Cacambo interpreted the King's repartees to Candide; and though they were translated, they appeared repartees still; a thing which surprised Candide more than anything else.

They spent a whole month in this hospitable manner. Candide was continually saying to Cacambo, "I must say it again and again, my friend, that the castle where I was born was nothing in comparison of this country where we are now; but yet Miss Cunegonda is not here; and, without doubt, you have left a sweetheart behind you in Europe. If we stay where we are, we shall be looked upon only like other folks; whereas if we return to our own world only with twelve sheep loaded with the pebbles of Eldorado, we shall be richer than all the kings put together; we shall have no need to be afraid of the inquisitors; and we may easily recover Miss Cunegonda."

This proposal was extremely agreeable to Cacambo; so fond are we of running about, of making a figure among our countrymen, and of making orations on what we have seen in our travels, that these two really happy men resolved to be no longer so, and accordingly asked his Majesty's leave to depart.

"You are guilty of a very great weakness," said his Majesty to them: "I am not ignorant that my country is a trifling place; but providing it be but passable, you had better stay in it. I must indeed confess, that I have no right to detain people of another nation; it is a degree of tyranny inconsistent with our customs and laws; all men are free: you may go when you please; but you ought first to be informed, that you cannot leave us without some difficulty. It is impossible to go against the current up the rapid river which runs under the rocks; your passage hither was a kind of miracle. The mountains which surround my kingdom are a thousand feet high, and as steep as a wall; they are at least ten leagues

over, and their descent is nothing but precipices. However, since you seem determined to leave us, I will give orders immediately to the constructors of my machines, to contrive one to transport you with the greatest ease. When they have conveyed you to the other side of the mountains, no one must attend you; because my subjects have made a vow never to pass beyond them, and they are too wise to break it. There is nothing else you can ask of me, which shall not be granted." "We ask your Majesty," said Cacambo, very eagerly, "only a few sheep loaded with provisions, together with some of the common stones and dirt of your country."

The King smiled heartily: "I cannot," said he, "conceive what pleasure you Europeans find in our yellow clay; but you are welcome to take as much of it as you please, and much good may it do you."

He gave immediate orders to his engineers to construct a machine to hoist up and transport these two extraordinary persons out of his kingdom. Three thousand able mechanics set to work; and in a fortnight's time the machine was completed, which cost no more than twenty millions sterling of their currency.

Candide and Cacambo were both placed in the machine, together with two large red sheep bridled and saddled for them to ride on, when they were got clear of the mountains; twenty sheep of burden loaded with provisions; thirty with the greatest curiosities of the country, by way of present; and fifty with gold, precious stones, and diamonds. The King took his leave of our two vagabonds, with the greatest marks of affection.

It was a very fine sight to see them depart, and the in-

genious manner in which they and the sheep were slung over the mountains. The philosophers took their leave of them, after having got them safe over; and now Candide had no other desire, no other aim, than to go to present his sheep to Miss Cunegonda. "We have now got enough," said he, "to pay for the ransom of Miss Cunegonda, if the governor of Buenos-Ayres will but part with her. Let us march towards Cayenne, there take shipping, and then we will look out for some snug kingdom to make a purchase of."

CHAPTER XIX

What happened to them at Surinam, and how Candide got acquainted with Martin

HE first day's journey of our two travelers was very agreeable, being elated with the idea of finding themselves masters of more treasure than Asia, Europe, or Africa could scrape together. Candide was so transported, that he cut out the name of Cunegonda upon almost every tree that he came to. The second day two of their sheep sunk in a morass, and were lost with all that they carried: two others died of fatigue a few days after; seven or eight died at once for want in a desert; and some few days after, some others fell down a precipice. To be short, after a march of one hundred days, their whole stock amounted to no more than two sheep.

Says Candide, then, to Cacambo, "My friend, you see how perishable the riches of this world are; there is nothing durable, nothing to be depended on but virtue, and the happiness of once more seeing Miss Cunegonda." "I grant it," said Cacambo; "but we have still two sheep left, besides more treasure than ever the King of Spain was master of; and I see a town a good way off that I take to be Surinam, belonging to the Dutch. We are at the end of our troubles, and at the beginning of our happiness."

As they drew nigh to the city, they saw a negro stretched on the ground, with only one half of his habit, that is to say, having only a pair of drawers of blue cloth; the poor fellow had lost his left leg and his right hand. "Good God!" said Candide to him in Dutch, "friend, what do you do here, in this terrible condition?" "I am waiting for my master Mynheer Vanderdendur, the great merchant," replied the negro. "And was it Mynheer Vanderdendur that used you in this manner?" said Candide. "Yes, Sir," said the negro, "it is the custom of the country. They give us a pair of linen drawers for our whole clothing twice a-year. If we should chance to have one of our fingers caught in the mill, as we are working in the sugarhouses, they cut off our hand; if we offer to run away, they cut off one of our legs; and I have had the misfortune to be found guilty of both these charges. Such are the conditions on which you eat sugar in Europe! Yet, when my mother sold me for ten crowns of Patagon on the coast of Guinea, she said to me, My dear boy, bless our benefactors, be always very dutiful to them, they will make you live happily: you have the honor to be a slave to our lords the whites, and will by that means be in a way of making the fortunes both of your father and mother. Alas! I do not know whether I have made their fortunes, but I am sure they have not made mine. The dogs, monkeys, and parrots, are a thousand times less wretched than we. The Dutch missionaries who converted me, told me every Sunday, that we all are sons of Adam, both blacks and whites. I am not a genealogist myself; but if these preachers speak the truth, we are all cousin-germans; and

then you must own, that it is a shocking thing for them to use their relations in this barbarous manner."

"Ah! Pangloss," cried Candide, "you never dreamed of such an abominable piece of villainy! there is an end of the matter; I see I must at last renounce your optimism." "What do you mean by optimism?" said Cacambo. "Why," said Candide, "it is the folly of maintaining that everything is right, when it is wrong." He then looked upon the negro, with tears in his eyes, and in that condition entered into Surinam.

The first thing they did here was, to inquire whether there was any vessel in the harbor that might be hired for Buenos-Ayres. The person they applied themselves to was no other than a Spanish commander, who offered to make an honorable bargain with them. He appointed to meet them at an inn, whither Candide and the faithful Cacambo went to wait for him with their two sheep.

Candide, who had his mind in his tongue, told the Spaniard all his adventures, and confessed to him that he was determined to run away with Miss Cunegonda. "I shall take care how I carry you to Buenos-Ayres, if that is the case," said the captain; "for I would be hanged, and so would you. The fair Cunegonda is my Lord's favorite mistress."

This was a thunder-clap to Candide; he wept a long time; but at last, drawing Cacambo aside, "I will tell you, my dear friend," says he, "what I would have you do. We have each of us about five or six millions of diamonds in our pockets; and as you are a much cleverer fellow than I am, I would have you go and fetch Miss Cunegonda from Buenos-Ayres.

If the Governor should make any difficulties, give him a million of them; if that do not succeed, give him two. As you did not murder the inquisitor, they will have no suspicion of you: in the meantime, I will fit out another vessel, and go and wait for you at Venice; that is a safe place, and I need not be afraid there of Bulgarians, Abares, Jews, or inquisitors." Cacambo cried up the wisdom of this proposal. He was indeed under great concern to leave so good a master, who used him like a familiar friend; but the pleasure of being serviceable to him soon got the better of the sorrow he felt in parting with him.

They took leave of each other with tears; Candide recommending to him at the same time not to forget their good old woman. The same day Cacambo set sail. This Cacambo was a very honest fellow.

Candide stayed some time at Surinam, waiting for another vessel to carry him and the two sheep which remained to Italy. He hired servants, and purchased everything necessary for a long voyage; at last, Mynheer Vanderdendur, the master of a large vessel, came and offered his service. "What will you have," said he to our Dutchman, "for carrying me, my family, goods, and these two sheep you see here, directly to Venice?" The master of the vessel asking ten thousand piastres, Candide made no words.

"Oh, oh," said the crafty Vanderdendur to himself, after he had left him, "if this stranger can give six thousand piastres, without making any words, he must be immensely rich." Returning a few minutes after, he let him know, that he could not go for less than twenty thousand. "Well, you shall have them then," said Candide.

"Odso!" said the captain with a low voice, "this man makes no more of twenty thousand piastres than he did of ten!" He then returned a second time, and said that he could not carry him to Venice for less than thirty thousand piastres. "You shall have thirty thousand then," replied Candide.

"Oh, oh," said the Dutch trader again to himself, "this man makes nothing of thirty thousand piastres, no doubt but the two sheep are loaded with immense treasures; let us stand out no longer; let us however finger the thirty thousand piastres first, and then we shall see."

Candide sold two small diamonds, the least of which was worth more than what the Captain had asked. He advanced him the money. The two sheep were put on board the vessel. Candide followed in a small wherry, intending to join the vessel in the road. But the Captain catched his opportunity, unfurled his sails, unmoored, and met with a favorable gale. Candide, distracted and out of his wits, soon lost sight of him. "Ah!" cried he, "this is a trick worthy of the old world." He returned on shore overwhelmed with sorrow; for he had certainly lost more than would set up a score of kings.

He ran immediately to the Dutch judge; and as he was not quite master of himself, knocked very loud at the door; he went in, told his case, and raised his voice a little louder than became him. The judge began with making him pay ten thousand piastres for the noise he had made. After which he heard him very patiently, and promised to examine into the affair as soon as ever the trader should return, at the same time making him pay ten thousand piastres as the expense of the hearing.

This proceeding made Candide stark mad. He had indeed experienced misfortunes a thousand times more affecting; but the coolness of the judge, and the knavish trick of the master of the vessel who had robbed him, fired his spirits, and plunged him into a profound melancholy. The villainy of mankind presented itself to his mind in all its deformity, and he dwelt upon nothing but the most dismal ideas. At last, a French vessel being ready to sail for Bordeaux, as he had no sheep loaded with diamonds to carry with him, he paid the common price as a cabin-passenger, and ordered the crier to give notice all over the city, that he would pay for the passage and diet of any honest man that would go the voyage with him, and he would give him two thousand piastres besides; on condition that he would make it appear, that he was the most dissatisfied with his circumstances, and the most unfortunate person in that province.

A vast multitude of candidates presented themselves, enough to have manned a fleet. Candide, desirous to pick from among the best, marked out twenty, who seemed to him to have the best pretensions, and to be the most sociable. But as every one of them thought the preference due to himself, he invited them all to his inn, and gave them a supper, on condition that each of them should take an oath, that he would relate his adventures faithfully, promising to choose that person who seemed to be the greatest object of pity, and had the greatest reason to be dissatisfied with his lot, and to give a small present to the rest, as a gratification for their trouble.

The assembly continued till four the next morning. As Candide was employed in hearing their adventures, he could

not help recollecting what the old woman had told him in their voyage towards Buenos-Ayres, and the bargain she had made in case he met with a single person in the ship, that did not esteem himself most miserable. He thought upon Pangloss at every incident that was related. "That Pangloss," said he, "would be hard put to it to defend this system. I wish he was but here. Indeed, if everything is ordered for the best, it must be at Eldorado, but nowhere else on earth." At last, he determined in favor of a poor scholar, who had wrote ten years for the booksellers at Amsterdam. For he thought there could not be a more disagreeable employment on the face of the earth.

This scholar, though in other respects a good sort of a man, had been robbed by his wife, beat by his son, abandoned by his daughter, who got a Portuguese to run away with her; had been stripped of a small employment, which was all he had to subsist on; and was persecuted by the priests at Surinam, because they took him for a Socinian.

It must indeed be confessed, that some of the other candidates were at least as unhappy as he; but he met with a preference, because Candide thought that a scholar would be the most proper person to divert him during the voyage. All his competitors thought that Candide did them a great piece of injustice; but he soon convinced them to the contrary, by giving them a hundred piastres apiece.

CHAPTER XX

What happened at sea to Candide and Martin

HE old scholar, who was named *Martin,* embarked for Bordeaux along with Candide. They had both of them seen and suffered a great deal; and if the vessel had been to sail from Surinam to Japan, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, they would have found enough to have entertained them on the subject of physical and moral evil during the whole voyage.

Candide, however, had one great advantage over Martin, which was, that he still hoped to see Miss Cunegonda again; but as for Martin, he had nothing to hope for: to which we may add, that Candide had both gold and diamonds: and though he had lost a hundred large red sheep loaded with the greatest treasure that the earth could produce, though the knavery of the Dutch captain was always uppermost in his thoughts; yet when he reflected upon what he had left in his pockets, and when he talked about Cunegonda, especially towards the latter end of a hearty meal, he inclined to Pangloss's hypothesis.

"But you, Mr. Martin," said he to the scholar, "what is your opinion? what is your notion of moral and physical evil?" "Sir," replied Martin, "the priests have accused me of being a Socinian; but the truth is, I am a Manichean." "You

are in jest sure," said Candide; "there is not one Manichean in the world!" "I am one though," said Martin; "I cannot well account for it, but yet I am not able to think otherwise." "The devil must be in you then," said Candide. "He concerns himself so much in the affairs of this world," said Martin, "that he may possibly be in me, as well as anywhere else; but I must profess, that when I cast my eyes upon this globe, or rather upon this globule, I cannot help thinking, that the Deity has abandoned it to some malignant being: I always except Eldorado. I never met with a city that did not wish the destruction of its neighbor city, nor one family that did not desire to exterminate another family. All over the world the poor curse the rich, to whom they are obliged to cringe; and the rich treat them like so many sheep, whose wool and flesh is sold to the best bidder. A thousand assassins formed into regiments, running about from one extremity of Europe to another, practice murder and rapine according to discipline for their bread, because it is the most honorable profession in the world; and in those cities which seem to enjoy the sweets of peace, and where the arts are cultivated, mankind are devoured with greater envy, cares, and disquietudes, than a city meets with troubles when it is besieged. Private torments are still more insupportable than public calamities. In a word, I have seen and experienced so much, that I am become a Manichean."

"There's some good for all that," replied Candide. "That may be," said Martin, "but I do not know where to find it."

In the middle of this dispute, they heard the report of cannon. The noise increasing every moment, each person took out his glass. By this means they espied two vessels engaging

each other, about three miles distant. The wind brought the combatants so near the French vessel, that they had the pleasure of seeing the fight very easily. At length, one of the vessels gave the other a broadside between wind and water, which sunk it to the bottom. Candide and Martin plainly perceived about a hundred men upon the decks of the ship which was sinking, lifting up their hands towards heaven, and making the most dismal lamentations; and in an instant they were all swallowed up by the sea. "Well," said Martin, "see how mankind treat one another." "It is true," said Candide, "there's something diabolical in it." As he was saying so, he perceived something red and glittering swimming near his ship. They immediately sent the longboat to see what it could be; when it proved to be one of his sheep. Candide felt more joy at the recovery of this sheep than he had trouble at the loss of a hundred loaded with the large diamonds of Eldorado. The French captain soon found, that the captain of the conquering vessel was a Spaniard, and that the commander of the vessel which was sunk was a Dutch pirate, and the very same who had robbed Candide. The immense riches which the villain had amassed, were buried in the sea along with him, and there was only a single sheep saved.

"You see," said Candide to Martin, "that wickedness sometimes meets with condign punishment: that rascal, the Dutch commander, has met with the fate he merited." "Yes," said Martin; "but why should the passengers on board his ship also perish together with him? God indeed has punished the villain, but the devil has drowned the rest."

In the meantime, the Frenchman and the Spaniard continued their course, and Candide his debates with Martin. They disputed fifteen days without intermission; and at the end of the fifteen days, they were no farther advanced than when they began. But they chatted, they communicated their ideas to each other, and comforted each other reciprocally. Candide caressing his sheep, "Since I have found you," said he, "I have some hopes of recovering Cunegonda."

CHAPTER XXI.

Candide and Martin draw near to the coast of France and dispute

T length they descried the coast of France. "Have you ever been in France, Mr. Martin?" said Candide. "Yes," said Martin, "I have run over several of its provinces. In some, one half of the inhabitants are mere fools; in others they are too cunning; in others either very good natured or very brutish; in others they affect to be wits; and in all of them, their ruling passion is love, the next lying, and the third to talk nonsense." "But, Mr. Martin, have you ever been at Paris?" "Yes, I have been at Paris: there are all these sorts there; it is a mere chaos; a crowd in which every one is in search after pleasure, but no one finds it, as far as I have been able to discover. I spent a few days there; and, at my arrival, was robbed of all I had by some sharpers, at the fair of St. Germain. Now, I myself was taken up for a robber, and was eight days in prison; after which I turned corrector of the press, to get a small matter to carry me on foot to Holland. I know the whole tribe of scribblers, with malcontents, and fanatics. They say the people are very polite in that city; I wish I could believe them." "For my part, I have no curiosity to see France," said Candide; "you may easily fancy, that when a person has once spent a month

at Eldorado, he is very indifferent whether he sees anything else upon earth, except Miss Cunegonda. I am going to wait for her at Venice; we will go through France in our way towards Italy. Won't you bear me company?" "With all my heart," said Martin: "they say that Venice is not fit for any but the Noble Venetians; but, for all that, they receive strangers very well, provided they have a good deal of money. I have none; you have; therefore I'll follow you all the world over." "Now I think of it," said Candide, "do you imagine that the earth was originally nothing but water, as is asserted in the great book belonging to the Captain?" "I don't believe a word of it," said Martin, "no more than I do of all the reveries that have been published for some time." "But for what end was the world created then?" said Candide. "To make one mad," replied Martin. "Were not you vastly surprised," continued Candide, "at the passion which the two girls in the country of the Oreillons had for those two apes, whose story I related to you?" "Not at all," said Martin; "I see nothing strange in that passion; for I have seen so many strange things already, that I can look upon nothing as extraordinary." "Do you believe," said Candide, "that mankind always cut one another's throats; that they were always liars, knaves, treacherous, and ungrateful; always thieves, sharpers, highwaymen, lazy, envious, and gluttons; always drunkards, misers, ambitious, and bloodthirsty; always backbiters, debauchees, fanatics, hypocrites, and fools?" "Do you believe," said Martin, "that hawks have always preyed upon pigeons, when they could light upon them?" "Certainly," said Candide. "Well then," said Martin, "if the hawks have always had the same nature, what

reason can you give why mankind should have changed theirs?" "Aye," said Candide, "there is a great deal of difference, because free-will . . ." In the midst of this dispute, they arrived at Bordeaux.

CHAPTER XXII

What happened in France to Candide and Martin

ANDIDE stayed no longer at Bordeaux than till he could dispose of some of the pebbles of Eldorado, and furnish himself with a post-chaise large enough to hold two persons; for he could not part with his philosopher Martin. He was indeed very sorry to part with his sheep, which he left at the academy of sciences at Bordeaux; who proposed for the subject of this year's prize, the reason why this sheep's wool was red; and the prize was adjudged to a learned man in the North, who demonstrated, by A *plus* B *minus* C divided by Z, that the sheep must be red, and die of the rot.

In the meantime, all the travelers whom Candide met in the inns on the road, telling him they were going to Paris, this general eagerness to see the capital, inspired him at length with the same desire, as it was not much out of the way in his journey towards Venice.

He entered Paris by the suburb of St. Marçeau, and fancied himself to be in the dirtiest village in Westphalia.

Candide was scarce got to his inn, when he was seized by a slight indisposition, caused by his fatigues. As he had a very large diamond on his finger, and the people had taken notice of a pretty heavy box among his baggage, in a mo-

ment's time he had no less than two physicians to attend him, who did not stay to be sent for; a few intimate friends, that never left him, sat up with him, together with a couple of female friends that took care to have his broths warmed. Said Martin, "I remember that when I was sick at Paris, in my first journey, I was very low in pocket, and could meet neither with friends, nurses, nor physicians; but I recovered."

In the meanwhile, what by medicines and bleedings, Candide's disorder beginning to grow a serious affair, the clerk of the parish came, with great modesty, to ask a bill for the other world, payable to the bearer. Candide refusing to accept it, the nurses assured him that it was a new fashion. Candide replied, that he was resolved not to follow the fashion. Martin was going to throw the priest out of the window. The clerk swore that Candide should not be buried. Martin swore that he would bury the clerk, if he continued to be troublesome. The quarrel grew high, and Martin took the priest by the shoulders, and pushed him out of doors. This occasioning a great deal of scandal, an action was commenced against him.

Candide recovered; and all the while he was upon the mending hand, had the best of company to sup with him. They gamed high; and Candide was very much surprised that he never could throw an ace; but Martin was not surprised at all.

Among those who did him the honors of the town, was a little abbé of Périgord, one of those people that are always busy, always alert, always ready to do one service, forward, fawning, and accommodating themselves to every one's

humor; who watch for strangers on their journey, tell them the scandalous history of the town, and offer them pleasures at all prices. This man carried Candide and Martin to the playhouse, where a new tragedy was to be acted. Candide found himself seated near some critics; but this did not keep him from crying at some scenes that were well acted. One of these critics, who stood at his elbow, said to him, between one of the acts, "You were in the wrong to shed tears; that's a shocking actress, the actor who plays with her is worse than she, and the piece is still worse than the actors. The author does not understand a single word of Arabic, and yet the scene lies in Arabia: but besides, he is a man who does not believe that our ideas are innate; I'll bring you twenty pamphlets against him by tomorrow morning." "Sir," said the Abbé of Périgord, "did you take notice of that young man with the lively countenance and fine shape? he will not cost you more than ten thousand francs *per* month, and fifty thousand crowns in diamonds." "I have not above a day or two to spare," replied Candide, "because I have one to meet at Venice, which hurries me."

In the evening, after supper was over, the insinuating Périgourdin redoubled his compliments of service, and his officiousness. "You are then, Sir," said he, "under an engagement to go to Venice?" "Yes, Mr. Abbé," said Candide, "I am under a necessity to go to meet Miss Cunegonda." Being then invited with the pleasure of speaking about the object he loved, he related, according to custom, a part of his adventures with that illustrious Westphalian. "I fancy," said the Abbé, "that Miss Cunegonda is a lady of very great parts, and that she writes charming letters?" "I never received any

from her," said Candide: "for figure to yourself, that being driven out of the castle on account of my passion for her, I could not write to her; that soon after I heard she was dead; that afterwards I found her, and lost her; and that I have now sent an express to her about two thousand five hundred leagues from hence, and wait for an answer."

The Abbé heard him with great attention, and appeared to be a little thoughtful. He soon took leave of the two strangers, after a most affectionate embrace. The next day, as soon as Candide awakened, he received a letter, couched in the following terms.

"Sir, my dearest love, I have been ill these eight days in this town, and have learned that you are here. I would fly to your arms, if I were able to stir. I knew of your passage to Bordeaux, where I have left the faithful Cacambo and the old woman, who are to follow me very soon. The governor of Buenos-Ayres has taken all from me, but your heart is still left me. Come and see me; for your presence will either restore me to life, or kill me with pleasure."

This charming, this unexpected letter, transported Candide with an inexpressible joy; and the indisposition of his dear Cunegonda overwhelmed him with sorrow. Distracted between these two passions, he took his gold and diamonds, and got somebody to conduct him and Martin to the house where Miss Cunegonda was lodged.

On his entrance he trembled in every limb, his heart beat quick, and his voice was choked up with sighs; he was going to open the curtains of the bed, and bid them bring him a light. "Take care, Sir," said the nurse, "she can't bear light for the world, it would overpower her"; and immediately

she drew the curtains close again. "My dear Cunegonda," said Candide, dissolved in tears, "how do you find yourself? though you can't see me, you may speak to me at least." "She can't speak," said the maid. The lady then put a plump hand out of the bed, which Candide for some time bathed with his tears, and afterwards filled with diamonds, leaving a bag full of gold upon the easy chair.

In the middle of his transports, came in a lifeguardman, followed by the Abbé Périgourdin and a file of soldiers. "There," said he, "are the two suspected foreigners." He caused them be immediately seized, and ordered his men to drag them to prison. "It is not thus they treat travelers at Eldorado," said Candide. "I am more a Manichean than ever," said Martin. "But, pray, Sir, where are you going to carry us?" said Candide. "To a hole in the dungeon," said the lifeguardman.

Martin now finding his blood grow somewhat cool, fancied that the lass who pretended to be Cunegonda, was a cheat; that the Abbé Périgourdin was a sharper, who had taken advantage of Candide's simplicity; and that the lifeguardman was another sharper, whom they might easily get clear of.

Rather than expose himself before a court of justice, Candide, swayed by his advice, and besides very impatient to see the real Cunegonda, offered the lifeguardman three small diamonds worth about 3000 pistoles each. "Ah, Sir," said the man with the ivory baton, "though you had committed all the crimes that can be imagined, this would make me think you are the honestest gentleman in the world! Three diamonds! worth 3000 pistoles apiece! Sir, instead of

putting you in a dungeon, I would lose my life for you: all strangers are arrested here, but let me alone for that; I have a brother at Dieppe in Normandy; I'll conduct you thither; and if you have any diamond to give him, he will take as much care of you, as I myself."

"And why do they put all strangers under arrest?" said Candide. The Abbé Périgourdin then put in his word: "Because," said he, "a beggar of Atrebatia listened to some foolish stories, which made him guilty of a parricide, not like that in May 1610, but like that in December 1594; and just like those that a great many other beggars have been guilty of, in other months and other years, after listening to foolish stories."

The lifeguardman then gave him a more particular account of their crimes. "Oh, the monsters!" cried Candide; "are there then such terrible crimes among people that can dance and sing? Can I not immediately get out of this country, where monkeys provoke tigers? I have seen bears in my own country, but I never met with men except at Eldorado. In the name of God, Mr. Officer, conduct me to Venice, where I am to await for Miss Cunegonda." "I can conduct you nowhere except to Lower Normandy," said our mock officer. Immediately he ordered his irons to be struck off, said he was under a mistake, discharged his men, conducted Candide and Martin to Dieppe, and left them in the hands of his brother.

There was then a small Holland trader in the harbor. The Norman, by means of three more diamonds, became the most serviceable man in the world, put Candide and his attendants safe on board the vessel, which was ready to sail

for Portsmouth in England. This was not indeed the way to Venice; but Candide thought he had escaped from hell, and resolved to resume his voyage towards Venice the first opportunity that offered.

CHAPTER XXIII

Candide and Martin go to the English coast, and what they saw there

"AH! Pangloss! Pangloss! ah! Martin! Martin! ah! my dear Cunegonda! what a world is this!" said Candide on board the Dutch ship. "A very foolish and abominable one indeed," replied Martin. "You are acquainted with England," said Candide to him; "are they as great fools as the French?" "They have a different kind of folly," said Martin; "you know, that these two nations are at war about a few acres of snow towards Canada, and that they have spent a great deal more upon this fine war, than all Canada is worth. To tell you with precision whether there are more people fit to send to a madhouse in one country than in the other, is more than my weak capacity is able to perform. I only know in general, that the people we are going to see are very melancholic."

As they were talking in this manner, they arrived at Portsmouth. The shore was covered with a multitude of people, who were looking very attentively at a pretty lusty man who was kneeling, with something tied before his eyes, on the deck of one of the men of war; four soldiers, that were placed opposite to him, lodged three balls apiece in his head, with the greatest coolness imaginable, and the whole as-

sembly went away very well satisfied. "What is the meaning of this?" said Candide; "and what demon is it that exercises his dominion all over the globe?"

He inquired who the lusty gentleman was that was killed with so much ceremony. "He is an admiral," replied some of them. "And why was this admiral killed?" "Because," said they, "he did not kill men enough himself. He engaged the French admiral, and was found guilty of not being near enough to him." "But then," said Candide, "was not the French admiral as far off from the English admiral, as he was from him?" "That is what cannot be doubted," replied they. "But in this country it is of very great service to execute an admiral now and then, in order to make the rest fight the better."

Candide was so astonished and shocked at what he had seen and heard, that he would not set foot on shore, but agreed with the master of the Dutch vessel (though he was sure to be robbed by him, as well as by his countryman at Surinam) to carry him directly to Venice.

The master was ready in two days. They coasted it all along France. Passing within sight of Lisbon, Candide gave a very deep groan. They passed the Straits, made the Mediterranean, and at last arrived at Venice.

"The Lord be praised," said Candide, embracing Martin, "it is here that I shall see the fair Cunegonda again! I have as good an opinion of Cacambo, as of myself. Everything is right, everything goes well; everything is the best that it can possibly be."

CHAPTER XXIV

Concerning Paquetta, and Father Girofflée

S soon as they arrived at Venice, he caused search for Cacambo in all the inns, in all the coffeehouses, and among all the ladies of pleasure, but could not find him. He sent every day to all the ships and barks that arrived; but no news of Cacambo. "Well!" said he to Martin, "I have had time enough to go from Surinam to Bordeaux, from Bordeaux to Paris, from Paris to Dieppe, from Dieppe to Portsmouth; after that I have coasted along Portugal and Spain, and traversed the Mediterranean, and have now been some months at Venice, and yet, for all that, the lovely Cunegonda is not come. Instead of her, I have only met with a bite, and an abbé of Périgord. Cunegonda is certainly dead; and I have no more to do but to die too. Ah! it would have been far better for me to have stayed in that paradise, Dorado, than to have returned again to this cursed Europe. You are certainly right, my dear Martin; all is illusion and misery here."

He fell into a deep melancholy; and never frequented the opera, or the other diversions of the carnival; nay he was proof against all the charms of the fair sex. Martin said to him, "You are very simple indeed, to fancy that mongrel valet, with five or six millions in his pocket, would go to

the end of the world in quest of your mistress, and bring her to Venice. If he meets with her, he'll keep her for himself: if he cannot find her, he'll get somebody else. Let me advise you to forget both your valet Cacambo, and your mistress Cunegonda." Martin was a most wretched comforter. The melancholy of Candide increased; and Martin never ceased preaching that there was but very little virtue and as little happiness to be found on earth, excepting, perhaps, at Eldorado, where it was almost impossible for any one to go.

As they were disputing on this important subject, and waiting for Cunegonda, Candide perceived a young Theatin in the place of St. Mark, holding a girl under his arm. The Theatin friar looked fresh, plump, and full of vigor; his eyes were sparkling, his air bold, his mien lofty, and his gait firm. This girl was tolerably handsome, and was singing a song: she ogled her Theatin friar with a great deal of passion, and now and then would give his fat cheeks a pinch.

"At least you will grant me," said Candide to Martin, "that these folks are happy. I have never found any but unhappy wretches till now all over this habitable globe, excepting at Eldorado; but as for the girl and the Theatin, I will lay any wager that they are as happy as happy can be." "I will lay they are not," said Martin. "Only let us invite them to dinner," said Candide, "and then you shall see if I am mistaken or not."

He immediately accosted them, made them a bow, and invited them to his inn to eat macaroni, partridges of Lombardy, and caviare, and to drink montepulciano, lachryma Christi, Cyprus, and Samos wine. The girl blushed; the Theatin accepted of the invitation, and the girl followed

him, looking at Candide with eyes of surprise and confusion, from which the tears trickled. Scarce was she entered into Candide's room, when she said to him, "What! does not Mr. Candide know his old friend Paquetta again?" At these words, Candide, who had not yet looked at her with any degree of attention, because Cunegonda engrossed all his thoughts, said to her, "Ah! my poor girl, is it you who reduced Dr. Pangloss to the fine plight in which I saw him?"

"Ah, Sir! 'tis I myself," said Paquetta; "I find you know the whole story; and I have been informed of all the terrible disasters which have happened to the family of my Lady the baroness, and the fair Cunegonda. My fate, I assure you, has not been less melancholy. I was very innocent when you knew me. A cordelier, who was my confessor, easily seduced me. The effects of it were terrible: I was obliged to leave the castle some time after the Baron kicked your backside out of the door. If a celebrated quack had not taken pity on me, I should have perished. I was the quack's mistress for some time, by way of recompense. His wife, who was as jealous as the devil, beat me every day most unmercifully; she was a very fiend of hell. The Doctor was one of the ugliest fellows I ever saw in my life, and I one of the most wretched creatures that ever existed, to be beat every day for the sake of a man whom I hated. You know how dangerous it is for a scolding woman to be married to a doctor. Being quite exasperated with his wife's behavior, he gave her one day so efficacious a remedy to cure her of a slight cold she had, that she died two hours after in the most horrid convulsions. My mistress's relations entered a criminal action against my master; he took to his heels, and I was car-

ried to jail. My innocence would never have saved me, if I had not been pretty handsome. The judge acquitted me, on condition of his succeeding the Doctor. I was soon afterwards supplanted by a rival, driven out of doors without any recompense, and obliged to continue this abominable occupation, which appears so pleasant to you men, while it is to us women the very abyss of misery. I am come to practice my profession at Venice. Ah, Sir, if you could imagine what it is to be obliged to caress indifferently an old merchant, a counsellor, a monk, a gondolier, or an abbé; to be exposed to all sorts of insults and outrages; to be often reduced to borrow a petticoat, to have it lifted up by a disagreeable rascal; to be robbed by one gallant of what one has got by another; to be ransomed by the peace-officer, and to have nothing else in prospect but a frightful old age, an hospital, or a dunghill; you would confess that I am one of the most unfortunate creatures of the world."

Paquetta opened her mind in this manner to the good Candide, in his closet, in the presence of Martin; who said to Candide: "You see I have won one half of the wager already."

Brother Girofflée waited in the dining-room, and drank a glass or two while he was waiting for dinner. "But," said Candide to Paquetta, "you had an air so gay, so content, when I first met you, you sung, and caressed the Theatin with so much warmth, that you seemed to me as happy then as you pretend to be miserable now." "Ah, Sir," replied Paquetta, "this is one of the miseries of the trade. Yesterday I was robbed and beaten by an officer, and today I am obliged to appear in good humor to please a monk." Can-

dide wanted no more, to be satisfied, and owned that Martin was in the right. They sat down to table with Paquetta and the Theatin; the repast was very entertaining, and, towards the end, they began to speak to each other with some degree of confidence. "My father," said Candide to the monk, "you seem to enjoy a state that all the world might look on with envy. The flower of health blossoms on your countenance, and your physiognomy speaks nothing but happiness; you have a very pretty girl to divert you, and you seem to be well satisfied with your station as a Theatin monk."

" 'Faith, Sir," said Brother Giroflée, "I wish that all the Theatins were at the bottom of the sea. I have been tempted an hundred times to set fire to the convent, and to go and turn Turk. My parents forced me, at the age of fifteen, to put on this cursed habit, to increase the fortune of an elder brother of mine, whom God confound. Jealousy, discord, and fury, reside in the convent. It is true indeed, I have preached a few paltry sermons, which brought me in a little money; one part of which the prior robs me of, the remainder serves me to spend upon the ladies; but every evening, when I enter the monastery, I am ready to dash out my brains against the wall of the dormitory; and all the brotherhood are in the same case."

Martin turning towards Candide, with his usual coolness, "Well," said he to him, "have not I won the whole wager now?" Candide gave two thousand piastres to Paquetta, and one thousand to Brother Giroflée. "I'll answer for it," said he, "this will make them happy." "I don't believe a word of it," said Martin; "you may perhaps make them a great deal more miserable by your piastres. "Be that as it may,"

said Candide: "but one thing comforts me, I see that one often finds those persons whom one never expected to find any more; and as I have found my red sheep and Paquetta again, it may be I may find Cunegonda again too." "I wish," said Martin, "that she may one day make you happy; but it is what I very much question." "You are very incredulous," said Candide. "That is what I always was," said Martin. "But only look on those gondoliers," said Candide; "are they not perpetually singing?" "You don't see them at home, with their wives, and their monkeys of children," said Martin. "The Doge has his inquietudes, and the gondoliers have theirs. Indeed, generally speaking, the condition of a gondolier is preferable to that of a doge; but I believe that the difference is so small, that it is not worth the trouble of examining into."

"People speak," said Candide, "of Seignior Pococurante, who lives in that fine palace upon the Brenta; and who entertains strangers in the most polite manner. They pretend that this man never felt any uneasiness." "I should be glad to see so extraordinary a phenomenon," said Martin. On which Candide instantly sent to Seignior Pococurante, to get permission to pay him a visit the next day.

CHAPTER XXV

The visit to Seignior Pococurante, the Noble Venetian

CANDIDE and Martin went in a gondola on the Brenta, and arrived at the palace of the Noble Pococurante. His gardens were very spacious, and ornamented with fine statues of marble, and the palace itself was a piece of excellent architecture. The master of the house, a very rich man, about threescore, received our two inquisitives very politely, but with very little heartiness; which, though it confused Candide, did not give the least uneasiness to Martin.

At first two young girls, handsome, and very neatly dressed, served them with chocolate, which was frothed extremely well. Candide could not help dropping them a compliment on their beauty, their politeness, and their address. "The creatures are well enough," said the senator Pococurante; "I sometimes make them lie in my bed, for I am quite tired of the girls of the town, of their coquetry, their jealousies, quarrels, humors, monkey-tricks, pride, follies, and the sonnets one is obliged to make, or hire others to make for them; but, after all, these two girls begin to grow tiresome to me."

After breakfast, Candide taking a walk in his long gallery, was charmed with the beauty of the pictures. He asked

by what master were the two first. "They are by Raphael," said the Senator; "I bought them at a very high price, merely out of vanity, some years ago. They are said to be the finest paintings in Italy: but they do not please me at all; the colors are dead, the figures not finished, and do not appear with *relief* enough; the drapery is very bad. In short, let people say what they will, I do not find there a true imitation of nature. I do not like a piece unless it makes me think I see nature itself; but there are no such pieces to be met with. I have, indeed, a great many pictures, but I do not value them at all."

While they were waiting for dinner, Pococurante entertained them with a concert; Candide was quite charmed with the music. "This noise," said Pococurante, "might divert one for half an hour, or so; but if it were to last any longer, it would grow tiresome to everybody, though no soul durst own it. Music is, now-a-days, nothing else but the art of executing difficulties; and what has nothing but difficulty to recommend it, does not please at the long run.

"I might perhaps take more pleasure in the opera, if they had not found out the secret to make such a monster of it as shocks me. Let those go that will to see wretched tragedies set to music, where the scenes are composed for no other end than to lug in by the head and ears two or three ridiculous songs, in order to set off the pipe of an actress. Let who will, or who can, die away with pleasure, at hearing a eunuch trilling out the part of Cæsar and Cato, and strutting upon the stage with a ridiculous and affected air. For my part, I have long ago bid adieu to those paltry entertainments, which constitute the glory of Italy, and are purchased

by crowned heads so extravagantly dear." Candide disputed the point a little, but with great discretion. Martin was entirely of the same sentiments with the Senator. They sat down to table, and, after an excellent dinner, went into the library. Candide casting his eyes upon a Homer very handsomely bound, praised his High Mightiness for the goodness of his taste. "There," said he, "is a book that was the favorite of the great Pangloss, the best philosopher in Germany." "It is none of mine," said Pococurante, with great indifference; "I was made to believe formerly that I took a pleasure in reading him. But that continued repetition of battles that resemble each other; his gods, who are always very busy without bringing anything to a decision; his Helen, who is the subject of the war, and has scarce anything to do in the whole piece; that Troy, which is besieged, but never taken; I say, all these defects give me the greatest disgust. I have asked some learned men, if they perused him with as little pleasure as I did? Those who were ingenuous professed to me, that they could not keep the book in their hands; but that they were obliged to give it a place in their libraries, as a monument of antiquity, and as they do old rusty medals, which are of no use in commerce."

"Your Excellence does not entertain the same opinion of Virgil?" said Candide. "I confess," replied Pococurante, "that the second, the fourth, and the sixth book of his Æneid are excellent; but as for his pious Æneas, his brave Cloanthus, his friend Achates, the little Ascanius, the infirm King Latinus, the burgess Amata, and the insipid Lavinia, I do not think anything can be more frigid, or more disagree-

able. I prefer Tasso, and Ariosto's soporiferous tales far before him."

"Shall I presume to ask you, Sir," said Candide, "whether you do not enjoy a great deal of pleasure in perusing Horace?" "There are some maxims," said Pococurante, "which may be of some service to a man who knows the world, and being delivered in expressive numbers are imprinted more easily on the memory. But I have little value for his voyage to Brundusium, his description of his bad dinner, and the Billingsgate squabble between one Pupillus, whose speech he said was full of filthy stuff, and another whose words were as sharp as vinegar. I never could read without great disgust his indelicate lines against the old woman and witches; and I cannot see any merit in his telling his friend Mæcenas, that if he should be ranked by him amongst the lyric poets, he would knock the stars with his lofty brow. Some fools admire everything in an author of reputation; for my part, I read only for myself; I approve nothing but what suits my own taste." Candide, having been taught to judge of nothing for himself, was very much surprised at what he heard; but Martin looked upon the sentiment of Pococurante as very rational.

"Oh, here's a Cicero," said Candide, "here is the great man whom I fancy you are never tired of reading." "I never read him at all," replied the Venetian. "What is it to me, whether he pleads for Rabirius or Cluentius? I have trials enough of my own. I might indeed have been a greater friend to his philosophical works, but when I found he doubted of everything, I concluded I knew as much as he, and that I had

no need of a tutor to learn ignorance." "Well! here are four and twenty volumes of the academy of sciences," cried Martin; "it is possible there may be something valuable in them." "There might," said Pococurante, "if but one of the authors of this hodge-podge had been only the inventor of the art of making pins; but there is nothing in all those volumes but chimerical systems, and scarce a single article of real use."

"What a prodigious number of theatrical pieces you have got here," said Candide, "in Italian, Spanish, and French!" "Yes," said the Senator, "there are about three thousand, and not three dozen good ones among them all. As for that collection of sermons, which all together are not worth one page of Seneca, and all those huge volumes of divinity, you must think that they are never opened either by me or anybody else."

Martin perceiving some of the shelves filled with English books; "I fancy," said he, "a republican, as you are, must generally be pleased with compositions that are written with so great a degree of freedom." "Yes," said Pococurante, "it is commendable to write what one thinks; it is the privilege of man. But all over our Italy they write nothing but what they don't think. Those who now inhabit the country of the Cæsars and Antonines, dare not have a single idea, without taking out a license from a Jacobin. I should be very well satisfied with the freedom that breathes in the English writers, if passion and the spirit of party did not corrupt all that was valuable in it."

Candide discovering a Milton, asked him, if he did not look upon that author as a great genius? "What!" said Pococurante, "that blockhead, that has made a long com-

mentary in ten books, of rough verse, on the first chapter of Genesis; that gross imitator of the Greeks, who has disfigured the creation, and who, when Moses has represented the Eternal producing the world by a word, makes the Messiah take a large pair of compasses from the armory of God, to mark out his work. How can I have any esteem for one who has spoiled the hell and devils of Tasso; who turns Lucifer sometimes into a toad, and sometimes into a pigmy; makes him deliver the same speech a hundred times over; represents him disputing in divinity; and who, by a serious imitation of Ariosto's comic invention of fire-arms, represents the devils letting off their cannon in heaven? Neither I, nor any one else in Italy, has it in his power to be pleased at these outrages against common sense: but the marriage of Sin and Death, and the snakes that proceed from her womb, are enough to make every person of the least delicacy of taste vomit. This obscure, fantastical, and disgusting poem was despised at its first publication: and I only treat the author now in the same manner as he was treated in his own country by his contemporaries. By the by, I speak what I think; and I give myself no uneasiness, whether or not other people think as I do."

Candide was vexed at this discourse; for he respected Homer, and was fond of Milton. "Ah!" said he, whispering to Martin, "I am very much afraid that this man here has a sovereign contempt for our German poets." "There would be no great harm in that," said Martin. "Oh what an extraordinary man!" said Candide, muttering to himself: "what a great genius is this Pococurante! nothing can please him."

After having thus taken a view of all the books, they

went down into the garden. Candide expatiated upon all its beauties. "I never knew anything laid out in so bad a taste," said the master; "we have nothing but trifles here: but, a day or two hence, I shall have one laid out upon a more noble plan."

When our two inquisitives had taken their leave of his Excellency, "Now, sure," said Candide to Martin, "you will confess that he is one of the happiest men upon earth, for he is above everything that he has." "Do you not see," said Martin, "that he is disgusted with everything that he has? Plato has said a long time ago, that the best stomachs are not those which cast up all sorts of victuals." "But," said Candide, "is not there a pleasure in criticizing upon everything? in perceiving defects where other people fancy they see beauties?" "That is as much as to say," replied Martin, "that there is a great pleasure in having no pleasure." "If that is the case," said Candide, "no person will be so happy as myself, when I see Miss Cunegonda again." "We should always hope for the best," said Martin.

In the meantime days and weeks passed away; but no Cacambo was to be found. And Candide was so immersed in grief, that he did not recollect, that Paquetta and Brother Girofflée never so much as once came to return him thanks.

CHAPTER XXVI

Of Candide and Martin's supping with six strangers, and who they were

ONE night as Candide, followed by Martin, was going to seat himself at table with some strangers who lodged in the same inn, a man of a complexion as black as soot, came behind him, and taking him by the arm, says to him, "Get yourself ready to go along with us, don't fail!" He turned his head, and saw Cacambo. Nothing but the sight of Cunegonda could have surprised or pleased him more. He was just ready to run mad for joy. Embracing his dear friend, "Cunegonda is here," said he, "without doubt; where is she? Carry me to her, that I may die with joy in her company!" "Cunegonda is not here," said Cacambo, "she is at Constantinople." "O heavens! at Constantinople? But, if she was at China, I would fly thither; let us be gone." "We will go after supper," replied Cacambo; "I can tell you no more: I am a slave; my master expects me, and I must go and wait at table; say not a word; go to supper, and hold yourself in readiness."

Candide, distracted between joy and grief, charmed at having seen his trusty agent, astonished at beholding him a slave, full of the idea of finding his mistress again, his heart palpitating, and his understanding confused, set himself

down at the table with Martin, who saw all these scenes without the least emotion, together with six strangers that were come to spend the carnival at Venice.

Cacambo, who poured out wine for one of the six strangers, drew near to his master, towards the end of the repast, and whispered him in the ear, "Sire, your Majesty may set out when you think proper, the ship is ready." On saying these words, he went out. The guests, surprised, looked at each other, without speaking a word; when another servant approaching his master, said to him, "Sire, your Majesty's chaise is at Padua, and the yacht is ready." The master gave a nod, and the domestic retired. All the guests stared at one another again, and their common surprise was increased. A third servant approaching likewise the third stranger, said to him, "Sire, believe me, your Majesty must not stay here any longer; I am going to get everything ready"; and immediately he disappeared.

Candide and Martin began by this time to make no doubt but that this was a masquerade of the carnival. A fourth domestic said to the fourth master, "Your Majesty may depart whenever you please"; and went out as the others had done. The fifth servant expressed himself in terms to the same effect as the fourth: but the sixth servant spoke in a different manner to the sixth stranger, who sat near Candide: " 'Faith, Sir," said he, "no one will trust your Majesty any longer, nor myself neither; and we may both be sent to jail this very night, I shall however take care of myself. Adieu."

All the domestics having disappeared, the six strangers, with Candide and Martin, remained in a profound silence.

At last Candide broke it: "Gentlemen," said he, "this is something very droll; but why should you be all of you Kings? For my part, I own to you, that neither I nor Martin are."

Cacambo's master then answered very gravely in Italian, saying, "I assure you I am not in jest; I am Achmet III. I was Grand Sultan for several years; I dethroned my brother; my nephew dethroned me; my viziers were beheaded: I finish my days in the old seraglio. My nephew, the Grand Sultan Mahmoud, permits me to take a voyage sometimes for the sake of my health, and I am come to pass the carnival at Venice."

A young man, who sat near Achmet, spoke next, and said, "My name is *Ivan;* I was Emperor of all the Russias; I was dethroned in my cradle, my father and mother were confined; I was brought up in prison. I have sometimes the permission to travel, accompanied with two persons as guards; I am also come to pass the carnival at Venice."

The third said, "I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father has ceded his rights to the throne to me. I have fought to support them; eight hundred of my adherents have had their hearts taken out alive, and their heads struck off. I myself have been in prison: I am going to Rome, to pay a visit to my father, who has been dethroned as well as myself and my grandfather; and am come to Venice to celebrate the carnival."

The fourth then said, "I am King of Poland; the fortune of war has deprived me of my hereditary dominions; my father experienced the same reverse; I resign myself to Providence, like the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and

Charles Edward, whom God long preserve; and I am come to pass the carnival at Venice." The fifth said, "I am likewise the King of Poland; I lost my kingdom twice; but Providence has given me another government, in which I have done more good, than all the Kings of the Sarmatians, put together, have been able to do on the banks of the Vistula. I resign myself likewise to Providence, and am come to pass the carnival at Venice."

It now was the sixth monarch's turn to speak. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am not so great a prince as any of you: but for all that I have been a King as well as the best of you. I am Theodore; I was elected King of Corsica; I was once called *Your Majesty,* but at present am scarce allowed the title of *Sir.* I have caused money to be coined, but am not master at present of a farthing. I have had two secretaries of state, but now have scarce a single servant. I have seen myself on a throne, and have for some time lain upon straw in a common jail in London. I have been vastly afraid of meeting with the same treatment here, though I am come, like your Majesties, to pass the carnival at Venice."

The five other kings heard this speech with a noble compassion. Each of them gave King Theodore twenty sequins to buy him some clothes and shirts, and Candide made him a present of a diamond worth two thousand sequins more. "Who," said the five kings, "can this private person be, who is both able to give, and really has given an hundred times as much as either of us?"

At the very instant they rose from table, came into the same inn four Serene Highnesses, who had likewise lost their dominions by the fortune of war, and were come to

pass the carnival at Venice: but Candide took no notice of those new-comers, his thoughts being taken up with nothing but going in search of his dear Cunegonda at Constantinople.

CHAPTER XXVII

Candide's voyage to Constantinople

HE faithful Cacambo had already prevailed on the Turkish captain, that was going to carry Sultan Achmet back again to Constantinople, to receive Candide and Martin on board. They both of them embarked, after they had prostrated themselves before his miserable Highness. As Candide was on his way, he said to Martin, "There were six dethroned kings that we supped with; and, what is still more, among these six kings there was one that I gave alms to. Perhaps there may be a great many other princes more unfortunate still. For my part, I have lost only one hundred sheep, and am going to fly into the arms of Cunegonda. My dear Martin, I must yet say, Pangloss was in the right; all things are for the best." "I wish they were," said Martin. "But," said Candide, "the adventure we met with at Venice is somewhat romantic. Such a thing was never heard of, that six dethroned kings should sup together at a common inn." "This is not more extraordinary," replied Martin, "than the most of the things that have happened to us. It is a common thing for kings to be dethroned, and with respect to the honor that we had of supping with them, it is a trifle that does not merit our attention."

Scarce had Candide got on board, when he leaped on the neck of his old servant and friend Cacambo. "Well," said he, "what news of Cunegonda? is she still a miracle of beauty? does she love me still? how does she do? No doubt but you have bought a palace for her at Constantinople?"

"My dear master," replied Cacambo, "Cunegonda washes dishes on the banks of the Propontis, in the house of a prince who has very few to wash; she is a slave in the house of an ancient sovereign, named *Ragotsky,* to whom the Grand Turk allows three crowns a day to support him in his asylum; but, what is worse than all, she has lost her beauty, and is become shockingly ugly." "Well, handsome or ugly," replied Candide, "I am a man of honor, and it is my duty to love her still. But how came she to be reduced to so abject a condition, with the five or six millions that you carried her?" "And well," said Cacambo, "was not I to give two millions to Signior Don Fernandes d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, the governor of Buenos-Ayres, for the permission of taking Miss Cunegonda back again? and did not a pirate bravely rob us of all the rest? Did not this pirate carry us to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Cunegonda and the old woman are servants to the prince I told you of, and I am a slave of the dethroned Sultan." "What a chain of shocking calamities!" said Candide. "But, after all, I have some diamonds, I shall easily purchase Cunegonda's liberty. It is a pity that she is grown so ugly."

Then turning himself to Martin, "Who do you think," says he, "is most to be pitied, the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, King Charles Edward, or myself?" "I cannot

tell," said Martin, "I must see into your hearts to be able to tell." "Ah!" said Candide, "if Pangloss were here, he would know and tell us." "I know not," replied Martin, "in what sort of scales your Pangloss would weigh the misfortunes of mankind, and appraise their sorrows. All that I can venture to say is, that there are millions of men upon earth a hundred times more to be pitied than King Charles Edward, the Emperor Ivan, or Sultan Achmet." "That is possible," said Candide.

In a few days they reached the Black Sea. Candide began with ransoming Cacambo at an extravagant price; and, without loss of time, he got into a galley with his companions, to go to the banks of the Propontis, in search of Cunegonda, notwithstanding her loss of beauty.

Among the crew there were two slaves that rowed very ill, to whose bare shoulders the Levant trader would now and then apply a few strokes with a bull's pizzle. Candide, by a natural sympathy, looked at them more attentively than at the rest of the galley-slaves, and went up to them with an heart full of pity. Some features of their faces, though very much disfigured, seemed to bear some resemblance to those of Pangloss, and the unfortunate Jesuit the Baron, the brother of Miss Cunegonda. This fancy affected him, and made him very dull. He looked at them again more attentively. "Really," said he to Cacambo, "if I had not seen Mr. Pangloss hanged, and had not had the misfortune to kill the Baron myself, I should think it was they that are rowing in this galley." At the names of the Baron and Pangloss, the two galley-slaves gave a loud shriek, held fast by the seat, and let their oars drop. The master of the Levanter ran up to

them, and redoubled the lashes of the bull's pizzle upon them. "Hold! hold! Signior," cried Candide, "I will give you what money you please." "Lord! it's Candide!" said one of the galley-slaves. "Oh! it is Candide!" said the other. "Do I dream?" said Candide; "am I awake? am I in this galley? is that Master Baron whom I killed? is that Master Pangloss whom I saw hanged?"

"Yes, it is we! it is we!" replied they. "What! is that the great philosopher!" said Martin. "Harkee, Master Levant Captain," said Candide, "what will you take for the ransom of Master Thunder-ten-tronckh, one of the first Barons of the empire, together with Master Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician of Germany?" "You Christian dog," said the Levant captain, "since these two dogs of Christian slaves are barons and metaphysicians, which, without doubt, is a great degree of dignity in their own country, you shall give me fifty thousand sequins." "You shall have them, Sir; carry me back again, like lightning, to Venice, and you shall be paid directly. But stop, carry me to Miss Cunegonda first." The Levant captain, on the first offer of Candide, had turned the head of the vessel towards the city, and made the slaves row faster than a bird cleaves the air.

Candide embraced the Baron and Pangloss a hundred times. "How happened it, that I did not kill you, my dear Baron? and my dear Pangloss, how came you to life again, after being hanged? and how came you, both of you, to be galley-slaves in Turkey?" "Is it true that my dear sister is in this country?" said the Baron. "Yes," replied Cacambo. "Then I see my dear Candide once more," said Pangloss.

Candide presented Martin and Cacambo to them; they

embraced each other, and spoke all at the same time. The galley flew like lightning, and they were already in the port. A Jew was sent for, to whom Candide sold a diamond for fifty thousand sequins, which was worth a hundred thousand; who, notwithstanding, swore by Abraham, that he could not give any more. He immediately paid the ransom of the Baron and Pangloss. The latter threw himself at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed them with his tears; as for the other, he thanked him with a nod, and promised to repay him the money the first opportunity. "But is it possible that my sister is in Turkey?" said he. "Nothing is more possible," replied Cacambo; "for she scours the dishes in the house of a prince of Transylvania!" Two more Jews were instantly fetched, to whom Candide sold some more diamonds; and they set out again all together in another galley, in order to deliver Cunegonda.

CHAPTER XXVIII

What happened to Candide, Cunegonda, Pangloss, Martin, &c

"I ASK your pardon once more," said Candide to the Baron, "I ask pardon, my Reverend Father, for having given you a thrust with a sword through the body." "Don't let us say any more about it," said the Baron; "I was a little too hasty, I must confess. But since you desire to know by what fatality I came to be a galley-slave, I will inform you. After I was cured of my wound by a brother, who was apothecary to the college, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spaniards, who confined me in prison at Buenos-Ayres, at the very time my sister was setting out from thence. I demanded leave to return to Rome to the Father-general. I was nominated to go as almoner to Constantinople with the French ambassador. I had not been eight days engaged in this employment, when one evening I met with a young well-made icoglan. It was then very hot; the young man went to bathe himself, and I took this opportunity to bathe myself too. I did not know that it was a capital crime for a Christian to be found naked with a young mussulman. A cadi ordered me to receive a hundred strokes of the bastinado on the soles of my feet, and condemned me to the galleys. I do not think there ever

was a greater act of injustice. But I should be glad to know, how it comes about, that my sister is dish-washer in the kitchen of a Transylvanian prince, who is a refugee among the Turks."

"But you, my dear Pangloss, how came I ever to set eyes on you again?" "It is true indeed," said Pangloss, "that you saw me hanged; I ought naturally to have been burned; but you may remember, that it rained prodigiously when they were going to roast me: the storm was so violent, that they despaired of lighting the fire. I was therefore hanged, because they could do no better. A surgeon bought my body, carried it home with him, and dissected me. He first made a crucial incision on me from the umbilicus to the clavicula. No one could have been more slovenly hanged than I was. The executioner of the holy inquisition, who was a subdeacon besides, burned people indeed to a miracle, but was not used to hanging. The cord being wet, did not slip properly, and the noose was badly tied: in short, I still drew my breath. The crucial incision made me give such a dreadful shriek, that my surgeon fell down backwards, and fancying he was dissecting the devil, he ran away, ready to die with the fright, and fell down a second time on the stair-case, as he was making off. His wife ran out of an adjacent closet, on hearing the noise, saw me extended on the table with my crucial incision, and being more frightened than her husband, fled also, and tumbled over him. When they were come to themselves a little, I heard the surgeon's wife say to him: My dear, how come you to be so weak as to venture to dissect an heretic? Don't you know that the devil always takes

possession of the bodies of those people? I will go immediately and fetch a priest to exorcise him. I shuddered at this proposal, and mustered up what little strength I had left to cry out, Oh! have pity upon me! At length the Portuguese barber took courage, sewed up my skin, and his wife nursed me so well, that I was upon my feet again in about fifteen days. The barber got me a place, to be footman to a knight of Malta, who was going to Venice; but my master not being able to pay me my wages, I engaged in the service of a Venetian merchant, and went along with him to Constantinople. One day the maggot took me to go into a mosque. There was nobody there but an old iman and a young devotee, very handsome, saying her prayers. Her breast was uncovered; she had in her bosom a beautiful nosegay of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and auriculas; she let her nosegay fall; I took it up, and presented it to her with the most profound reverence. However, I was so long in giving it to her again, that the iman fell in a passion, and seeing I was a Christian, called out for help. They carried me before the cadi, who ordered me to receive a hundred bastinadoes, and to be sent to the galleys. I was chained to the very same galley and the same bench with the Baron. There were on board this galley four young men from Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks of Corfu, who told us, that the like adventures happened every day. The Baron pretended, that he had suffered more injustice than I; and I insisted, that it was far more innocent to put a nosegay into a woman's bosom, than to be found stark naked with an icoglan. We were perpetually disput-

ing, and we received twenty lashes every day with a bull's pizzle, when the concatenation of events of this world brought you to our galley, and you ransomed us."

"Well, my dear Pangloss," said Candide to him, "when you were hanged, dissected, severely beaten, and tugging at the oar in the galley, did you always think that things in this world were for the best?" "I am still of my first opinion," answered Pangloss; "for as I am a philosopher, it would be inconsistent with my character to contradict myself; especially as Leibnitz could not be in the wrong; and his pre-established harmony is certainly the finest system in the world, as well as his plenum and subtile matter."

CHAPTER XXIX

How Candide found Cunegonda and the old woman again

HILE Candide, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo, were relating their adventures to each other, and disputing about the contingent and non-contingent events of this world, and while they were arguing upon effects and causes, moral and physical evil, on liberty and necessity, and the comforts a person may experience in the galleys in Turkey, they arrived on the banks of the Propontis, at the house of the Prince of Transylvania. The first objects which presented themselves were Cunegonda and the old woman, hanging out some table-linen on the lines to dry.

The Baron grew pale at this sight. Even Candide, the affectionate lover, upon seeing his fair Cunegonda prodigiously tanned, with her eyelids reversed, her neck withered, her cheeks wrinkled, her arms red and full of scales, seized with horror, jumped near three yards backwards, but afterwards advanced to her out of good manners. She embraced Candide and her brother, who, each of them, embraced the old woman, and Candide ransomed them both.

There was a little farm in the neighborhood, which the old woman advised Candide to hire, till they could meet

with better accommodations for their whole company. As Cunegonda did not know that she was grown ugly, nobody having told her of it, she put Candide in mind of his promise, in so peremptory a manner, that the good man durst not refuse her. He then intimated to the Baron, that he intended to marry his sister. "I will never suffer," said the Baron, "such meanness on her side, nor such insolence on yours. With this infamy I never will be reproached. The children of my sister can never be enrolled in the chapters of Germany. No; my sister shall never marry any but a Baron of the empire." Cunegonda threw herself at his feet, and bathed them with her tears; but he remained insensible. "You foolish puppy you," said Candide to him, "I have delivered you from the galleys; I have paid your ransom; I have also paid that of your sister; she was a scullion here, and is very ugly; I have the goodness to make her my wife, and you pretend still to oppose it: I should kill you again, if I should consult my passion." "You may indeed kill me again," said the Baron; "but you shall never marry my sister, while I have breath."

CHAPTER XXX

The conclusion

ANDIDE had no great desire, at the bottom of his heart, to marry Cunegonda. But the extreme impertinence of the Baron determined him to conclude the match, and Cunegonda pressed it so earnestly, that he could not retract. He advised with Pangloss, Martin, and the trusty Cacambo. Pangloss drew up an excellent memoir, in which he proved that the Baron had no right over his sister, and that she might, according to all the laws of the empire, espouse Candide with her left hand. Martin was for throwing the Baron into the sea: Cacambo was of opinion, that it would be best to send him back again to the Levant captain, and make him work at the galleys; after which they might send him to Rome to the Father-general, by the first ship. This advice was thought good; the old woman approved it; and nothing was said to his sister about it. The scheme was put in execution for a little money; and so they had the pleasure of outwitting a Jesuit, and punishing the pride of a German Baron.

It is natural to imagine, that, after so many disasters, Candide married to his sweetheart, and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the discreet Cacambo, and the old woman, and especially as he had

brought so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, must live the most agreeable life of any man upon earth. But he was duped so often by the Jews that he had nothing left but the small farm; and his wife growing still more ugly, turned peevish and insupportable. The old woman was very infirm, and worse humored than Cunegonda herself. Cacambo, who worked in the garden, and went to Constantinople to sell its productions, was worn out with labor, and cursed his fate. Pangloss was ready to despair, because he did not shine at the head of some university in Germany. As for Martin, as he was firmly persuaded that all was equally bad throughout, he therefore bore things with patience. Candide, Martin, and Pangloss disputed sometimes about metaphysics and ethics. They often saw passing under the windows of the farmhouse boats full of effendis, bashaws, and cadis, who were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mitylene, and Erzerum. They observed, that other cadis, other bashaws, and other effendis, succeeded in the posts of those who were exiled, and that they themselves were banished in their turns. They saw heads decently impaled, which were to be presented to the Sublime Porte. These spectacles increased the number of their disputations; and when they did not dispute, they were so prodigiously uneasy and unquiet in themselves, that the old woman took the liberty to say to them, "I want to know which is the worst, to be ravished an hundred times by negro pirates, to have a buttock cut off, to run the gauntlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipped and hanged at an auto-da-fé, to be dissected, to row in the galleys; in one word, to have

suffered all the miseries we have undergone, or to stay here, without doing anything?" "That is a question not easily to be determined," said Candide.

This discourse gave rise to new reflections, and Martin concluded, upon the whole, that mankind are born to live either in the distractions of inquietude, or in the lethargy of disgust. Candide did not agree to that opinion, but remained in a state of suspense. Pangloss confessed, that he had undergone terrible trials; but having once maintained, that all things went wonderfully well, he still kept firm to his hypothesis, though quite opposite to his real sentiments. What contributed to confirm Martin in his shocking principles, to make Candide stagger more than ever, and to embarrass Pangloss, was, that one day they saw Paquetta and Brother Giroflée, who were in the greatest distress, at their farm. They soon squandered away their three thousand piastres, had parted, were reconciled, quarreled again, had been confined in prison, had made their escape, and Father Giroflée had at length turned Turk. Paquetta continued her trade, wherever she went, but made nothing by it. "I could easily foresee," said Martin to Candide, "that your presents would soon be squandered away, and would render them more miserable. You and Cacambo have swallowed millions of piastres and are not a bit happier than Brother Giroflée and Paquetta." "Ha! ha!" said Pangloss to Paquetta, "has Providence then brought you amongst us again, my poor child! Do you know that you have cost me the tip of my nose, one eye, and one of my ears, as you may see you have? What a world is this!" This new ad-

venture set them a-philosophizing more than ever. There lived in the neighborhood a very famous dervish, who passed for the greatest philosopher in Turkey. They went to consult him. Pangloss was chosen speaker, and said to him, "Master, we are come to desire you would tell us, why so strange an animal as man was created."

"What's that to you?" said the dervish; "is it any business of thine?" "But, my Reverend Father," said Candide, "there is a shocking sight of evil upon earth." "What signifies," said the dervish, "whether there be good or evil? When his Sublime Highness sends a vessel to Egypt, does it trouble him whether the mice on board are at their ease or not?" "What would you have one do then?" said Pangloss. "Hold your tongue," said the dervish. "I promised myself the pleasure," said Pangloss, "of reasoning with you upon effects and causes, the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the preëstablished harmony."—The dervish, at these words, shut the door against them.

During this conference, news was brought that two viziers and a mufti were strangled at Constantinople, and a great many of their friends impaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for some hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, in their return to the little farm, met a good-looking old man, taking the air, at his door, under an arbor of orange-trees. Pangloss, who had as much curiosity as philosophy, asked him the name of the mufti, who was lately strangled. "I know nothing at all about it," said the good man; "and what's more, I never knew the name of a single mufti, or a single vizier, in my life. I am an entire stranger to the story

you mention; and presume, that, generally speaking, they who trouble their heads with state-affairs, sometimes die shocking deaths, not without deserving it: but I never trouble my head about what is doing at Constantinople; I content myself with sending my fruits thither, the produce of my garden, which I cultivate with my own hands!" Having said these words, he introduced the strangers into his house: his two daughters and two sons served them with several kinds of sherbet, which they made themselves, besides caymac, enriched with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, ananas, pistachio nuts, and Mocao coffee, unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia and the isles. After which, the two daughters of this good mussulman perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss, and Martin.

"You must certainly," said Candide to the Turk, "have a very large and very opulent estate!" "I have only twenty acres," said the Turk; "which I, with my children, cultivate. Labor keeps us free from three of the greatest evils, tiresomeness, vice, and want." As Candide returned towards his farm, he made deep reflections on the discourse of the Turk. Said he to Pangloss and Martin, "The condition of this good old man seems to me preferable to that of the six Kings with whom we had the honor to sup." "The grandeurs of royalty," said Pangloss, "are very precarious, in the opinion of all philosophers. For, in short, Eglon, King of the Moabites, was assassinated by Ehud; Absalom was hung by the hair of his head, and pierced through with three darts; King Nadab, the son of Jeroboam, was killed by Baasha; King

Elah by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiadah; the Kings Joachim, Jechonias, and Zedekias, were carried into captivity. You know the fates of Crœsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II., Edward II., Henry VI., Richard III., Mary Stuart, and Charles I. of England, the three Henrys of France, and the Emperor Henry IV. You know—" "I know very well," said Candide, "that we ought to look after our garden." "You are in the right," said Pangloss: "for when man was placed in the garden of Eden, he was placed there, *ut operaretur eum,* to cultivate it; which proves that mankind are not created to be idle." "Let us work," said Martin, without disputing; "it is the only way to render life supportable."

All their little society entered into this laudable design, according to their different abilities. Their little piece of ground produced a plentiful crop. Cunegonda indeed was very ugly, but she turned out an excellent pastry-cook. Paquetta worked at embroidery, and the old woman took care of the linen. There was no idle person in the company, not excepting even Brother Girofflée; he made a very good carpenter, and became too a very honest man.

Pangloss would sometimes say to Candide: "All events are linked together in this best of all possible worlds. For if you had not been driven with great blows on the backside out of a very fine castle, on account of your passion for Miss Cunegonda; if you had not been thrown into the inquisition; if you had not rambled through America on foot; if you had not given the Baron a hearty blow with your sword;

if you had not lost all the sheep that you brought from that good country Eldorado; you would not have eat here preserved citrons and pistachio nuts." "That is well said," said Candide; "but let us cultivate our garden."

THE END OF THE FIRST PART

PART TWO

CHAPTER I

How Candide parted from his company, and what resulted from it

AN soon grows weary of everything in life; riches are a burden to the possessor; ambition, when sated, leaves regrets; the sweets of love lose their delight; and Candide, born to experience all the vicissitudes of fortune, at last was tired of cultivating his garden. "Master Pangloss," said he, "if we are in the best of *possible worlds,* you must confess at least that I do not enjoy a suitable proportion of *possible happiness,* since I live unknown in a small corner of the *Propontis,* having no other support than that of my hands, which may soon lose their strength; no other pleasure than that which I have from Miss Cunegonda, who is very ugly, and, what is worst of all, she is my wife; no other company than yours, which often tires me; or that of Martin, which makes me dull; or that of Giroflée, who lately has turned good; or that of Paquetta, which, you know, is very dangerous; or that of the old woman with one buttock, who tells me a parcel of long-spun stories."

Then Pangloss replied: "Philosophy teaches us, that the *monades,* infinitely divisible, arrange themselves with a wonderful intelligence to form the different bodies that we remark in nature. The heavenly bodies are what they *ought* to

be; they are placed where they *ought* to be placed; they describe the circles that they *ought* to describe; man follows the inclination that he *ought* to follow, he is what he *ought* to be, he does what he *ought* to do. You are cast down and complain, O Candide, because the monade of your soul is weary; but this weariness is a modification of the soul, and is no argument against everything being for the best with respect to yourself and others. When you saw me overrun with ulcers, I stood firm to my opinion: for if Miss Paquetta had not given me a relish for the pleasures of love, and its poison, I should not have met with you in Holland; I should not have given an occasion to James the Anabaptist to do a meritorious action; I should not have been hanged at Lisbon for the edification of our neighbor; I should not be here to comfort you with my advices, to live and die in the opinion of *Leibnitz*. Yes! my dear Candide! the whole is a concatenation, everything is necessary in the best of possible worlds. There is an absolute necessity for the burgess of Montauban to instruct kings, and the worm of Quimper-Corentin to criticize, criticize, criticize. The impeacher of philosophers is necessitated to be crucified in St. Denis's street; and the same necessity obliges the flogging pedant of the *Recollêts* and the archdean of St. Malo to distill gall and calumny from their *Christian Journals*. Philosophy lies under the necessity to be impeached at the tribunal of Melpomene. Philosophers are obliged to continue to enlighten mankind, notwithstanding the snarling envious brutes that grovel in the mud of literature. And were you to be kicked from the finest of castles, and under the necessity of learning again the Bulgarian exercise, run the gauntlet, suffer

once more the effects of a Dutch frow, and be sent back to Lisbon to be cruelly scourged by order of the holy inquisition, to undergo the same dangers among the PADRES, the OREILLONS, and the FRENCH; if you were, in short, to bear all *possible* calamities, and though you did not understand *Leibnitz* better than I do myself, you would always maintain that everything is *right,* and *for the best;* that the *plenum,* and the *materia subtilis,* the *preëstablished harmony,* and the *monades,* are the prettiest things in the world; and that *Leibnitz* is a great man, even to those who do not understand him."

To this fine discourse, Candide, the mildest of all the beings of nature, though indeed he had killed three men, two of whom were priests, did not give an answer; but being weary of the Doctor and his company, he set out, the next morning by break of day, with a white stick in his hand, not knowing whither he was going, in search of a place devoid of weariness, and where men should not be men, as in the good country of Eldorado.

Candide, less unhappy since he no longer was in love with Miss Cunegonda, got his subsistence from the liberality of different people, who were not Christians, but were charitable. He arrived after a very tedious and painful march, at Tauris, a city on the frontiers of Persia, famous for the cruelties exercised there alternately by Turks and Persians.

Candide being quite spent with fatigue, having scarcely as many clothes as could cover the *distinguishing mark* of man, and what man calls his *shame,* was beginning to doubt whether he should believe Pangloss, when a Persian made up to him in a very polite manner, and entreated him

to ennoble his house by his presence. "You joke, surely," said Candide; "I am a poor devil, who have left a wretched habitation that I had at the Propontis, because I married Miss Cunegonda, who is become very ugly, and because I was weary. I am not indeed fit to ennoble any one's house. I am not noble myself, thanks be to God; if I had the honor to be so, the Honorable Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh should have paid very dearly for the kicks on the breech he thought proper to give me, or I should have died for shame, which would have been too philosophical. Besides, I was scourged very ignominiously by the executioners of the holy inquisition, and by two thousand heroes, whose pay is three farthings a day. Give me whatever you please, but do not insult me in my distress by banters that would depreciate the merit of your favors." "My Lord," replied the Persian, "you may be a beggar, and that is pretty visible you are so; but my religion obliges me to be hospitable. You are a fellow-creature, and in want, therefore the apple of my eye shall be your path. Deign to ennoble my house by your radiant presence." "I shall do as you please," replied Candide. "Step in," said the Persian. They walk in; and Candide, full of admiration, was quite astonished at the respect that his landlord showed him. The slaves anticipated all his desires. The whole house seemed intent to procure him full satisfaction. "Provided this continues," said Candide, "matters are not so bad in this country." Three days had elapsed, and the Persian generosity still lasts as usual. Candide begins to exclaim, "O Master Pangloss, I suspected always that you were in the right; for you are a great philosopher!"

CHAPTER II

What happened to Candide in this house, and how he left it

CANDIDE, well fed, well clothed, and in high spirits, soon became again as ruddy, as fresh, and as pretty, as when he was in Westphalia. This change gave no small pleasure to Ishmael Rahab, his landlord. This man, who was six feet high, had two small red sparkling eyes; and his pimpled nose, of a pretty large size, was a sufficient indication that he infringed the law of Mahomet. His whiskers were renowned in the province, and mothers were earnestly praying that their sons might have the like mustaches. Rahab had wives, because he was rich; but he was of an opinion that prevails but too commonly in the East, and in some colleges of Europe. "Your Excellence is more beautiful than the stars," said the artful Persian, one day, to our unsuspecting hero, gently stroking him under the chin; "your charms must have captivated many hearts; you were born to give and to enjoy happiness." "Alas!" replied Candide, "I was but half happy behind the screen, for I was far from being at my ease. Cunegonda was then handsome —Cunegonda, poor innocent!" "Follow me, my Lord," said the Persian; and Candide followed him.

They came to a most enchanting inclosure at the bottom of a wood, where silence and voluptuousness seemed to

reign. There Ishmael Rahab, tenderly embracing Candide, in few words declared a passion for him, like that which the beautiful Alexis so feelingly describes in the Bucolics of Virgil. Candide was unable to recover from his astonishment. "No," cried he, "I will never submit to such infamy! What a strange cause, and what a shocking effect! I had rather suffer death." "Thou shalt die then," said the furious Ishmael. "How! Christian dog, because I very politely meant to give thee pleasure— Resolve to satisfy me, or to endure the most cruel death." Candide did not long hesitate. The Persian's powerful arguments were sufficient to make him tremble; but he feared death like a philosopher.

Custom soon reconciles us to anything. Candide, well fed, well instructed, though confined, was not absolutely dissatisfied with his situation. Good living, and the various entertainments exhibited by the slaves of Ishmael, gave some intermission to his griefs; he was unhappy only when he reflected; and so are the greatest part of mankind.

About this time one of the chief supports of the church militant of Persia, the most learned of all the Mahometan doctors, who understood Arabic at his finger ends, and even the Greek which is at this day spoken in the country of Demosthenes and Sophocles, the Rev. Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk, returned from Constantinople, where he had been disputing with the Rev. Mamoud-Abram, on a very delicate point of doctrine, namely, Whether the prophet had plucked the quill with which he wrote the Alcoran, out of the wing of the angel Gabriel, or whether Gabriel had presented it to him? They had disputed, during three days and three nights, with a zeal worthy of the ages most renowned for con-

troversy, when the Doctor returned persuaded, like all the disciples of Ali, that Mahomet had plucked the quill; and Mamoud-Abram remained convinced, like the rest of the sect of Omar, that the prophet was incapable of such a piece of rudeness, and that the angel presented it to him with the most becoming grace imaginable.

It was reported, that there had been, at Constantinople, a kind of free-thinker, who had insinuated, that it was proper to inquire into the truth of the Alcoran's having been actually written with a quill taken from the angel Gabriel; but he was stoned.

Candide's arrival made a great noise in Tauris; several persons who had heard of contingent effects, and effects not contingent, began to doubt of his being a philosopher. They mentioned it to the Rev. Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk; he was curious to see him; and Rahab, who could not refuse a person of his consideration, ordered Candide into his presence. He seemed entirely satisfied with Candide's manner of reasoning on physical and moral evil, on things active and passive. "I understand you are a philosopher, and that is sufficient," said the Venerable Cenobite: "it is very improper that so great a man as you are should be treated unworthily, which I am informed is the case. You are a stranger. Ishmael Rahab has no right over you. I will take you to court, where you will meet with a favorable reception: the Sophi is fond of the sciences. Ishmael, deliver this young philosopher into my hands, or you will incur the displeasure of your prince, and draw upon you the vengeance of heaven, but more especially of its ministers." These last words terrified the intrepid Persian; he consented to everything; and Candide,

blessing heaven and the priesthood, set out from Tauris that very day with the Mahometan doctor. They took the road to Ispahan, where they arrived amidst the blessings and acclamations of the people.

CHAPTER III

Candide's reception at court, and what followed

HE Rev. Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk made no delay in presenting Candide to the King. His Majesty took a singular pleasure in listening to his discourse, and placed him among the learned men of his court; but these learned men treated him as an ignorant fool, and an idiot, which very much contributed to persuade his Majesty that he was a great man. "Because," said he to them, "you cannot comprehend Candide's arguments, you affront him; but, for my part, though I understand them no better than you, I assure you that he is a great philosopher; I swear it by my whiskers." These words imposed silence on the learned.

Candide was lodged in the palace, and allowed slaves for his service; he was clothed in a magnificent suit, and the Sophi commanded, that, let him say what he would, no one should dare to prove him in the wrong. His Majesty did not stop here. The venerable priest ceased not to importune him in favor of Candide; and he resolved, at last, to rank him with his most intimate favorites.

"God be praised and our holy prophet," said the Iman, addressing Candide, "I have brought you a most agreeable piece of intelligence. How happy are you, my dear Candide! How will you be envied! You will swim in opulence; you

may aspire to the most illustrious employments of the Empire. Forget me not, however, my dear friend; remember that you are obliged to me for the favors with which you will soon be honored. The King will bestow upon you a kindness which is greatly esteemed, and you will shortly exhibit an entertainment which the court has not enjoyed this two years." "And pray, what are the honors designed me by the prince?" said Candide. "This very day," replied the priest, quite delighted, "you will receive fifty strokes upon the soles of your feet, with a bull's pizzle, in the presence of his Majesty. The eunuchs, who are to perfume you, will be here immediately; prepare to support, with becoming resolution, this little trial, and make yourself worthy of the king of kings." "Let the king of kings keep his favors," cried Candide, "if, to deserve them, I must receive fifty strokes with a bull's pizzle." "It is his custom," replied the Doctor coldly, "with those on whom he would bestow his favors. I esteem you too much to report your reluctance, and I will make you happy in spite of yourself."

They had scarce done speaking when the eunuchs entered, preceded by the executor of his Majesty's minute pleasures, who was one of the tallest and most robust lords of the court. Candide would rather have been excused; but, in spite of all he could say or do, they perfumed his legs and feet according to custom. Four eunuchs conducted him to the place appointed for the ceremony, in the midst of a double rank of soldiers, to the sound of musical instruments, cannon, and the ringing of bells. The Sophi was already there, attended by his principal officers, and the most intelligent of his courtiers. Candide was stretched in a moment

on a gilded bench, and the executor of the minute pleasures was preparing to enter upon his office. "O Pangloss, Pangloss, if you were here!—" said Candide, crying and weeping with all his might; which would have been thought very indecent, if the priest had not asserted, that his favorite behaved in this manner only to give his Majesty more entertainment. In truth, this great king laughed most immoderately; he was so pleased with the sight, that, when the fifty strokes were given, he ordered fifty more. But his prime minister having represented, with uncommon boldness, that this favor, conferred on a stranger, might alienate the hearts of his subjects, he revoked his order, and Candide was remanded back to his apartment.

They put him to bed, having bathed his feet with vinegar. The nobility came, one after another, to congratulate him; even the Sophi honored him with his presence; he not only suffered him to kiss his hand, but gave him a devilish drive in the chaps with his fist. The politicians thence conjectured that his fortune was made; and, what is more extraordinary, though politicians, they were not mistaken.

CHAPTER IV

Candide receives new favors. His elevation

UR hero was no sooner recovered, than he was presented to the King, in order to express his gratitude for the favors with which he had been honored. The monarch received him graciously; moreover, he deigned to give him two or three slaps in the face during the conversation; and when he took his leave, condescended to kick his a—— as he went along, even as far as the guardroom: the courtiers were all ready to die with envy. Since the time his Majesty had first begun to bruise his special favorites, no one had ever had the honor to be so thoroughly bruised as Candide.

Three days after this audience, our philosopher, who was ready to go mad at the favors he had received, and began to think that things went very ill, was named governor of Chusistan, with despotic power. He was decorated with a fur cap, which in Persia is a mark of high distinction. Having taken leave of the Sophi, who honored him with the repetition of some favors, he set out for Sus, the capital of the province. From the moment Candide had appeared at court, the grandees of the empire conspired his destruction. The excessive favors which the Sophi had so lavishly

bestowed on him, served only to increase the storm which was ready to burst over his head. Nevertheless, he rejoiced in his good fortune, and especially in his remote situation: his ideas anticipated the pleasures of supremacy, and he said from the bottom of his heart,

> "Thrice happy they who from their sovereign dwell
> Far distant!—"

Scarce had he traveled twenty miles from Ispahan, when, on a sudden, a body of five hundred cavalry saluted him with a furious discharge of their carbines. Candide thought at first it was intended as a compliment; but a ball which shattered his leg to pieces, soon convinced him of his mistake. His people threw down their arms, and Candide, almost dead, was carried to a desolate castle. His baggage, his camels, his slaves, his white eunuchs, his black eunuchs, and thirty-six wives which the Sophi had given him for his own use, all became the spoil of the conquerors. They cut off the leg of our hero to prevent a mortification, and endeavored to preserve his life to the intent that he might suffer a more cruel death.

"O Pangloss, Pangloss! what would become of your optimism, if you now beheld me, with only one leg, in the hands of my most cruel enemies? When I had just entered the path of felicity; just made governor, or rather king, of one of the most considerable provinces of the empire of ancient Media; when I became possessed of camels, slaves, white eunuchs and black eunuchs, and thirty-six wives for my own use, and of which I had yet made no use—" Thus Candide spoke when he was able to speak.

But whilst he thus bewailed his misery, fortune stood his friend. The prime minister being informed of the violence which had been committed, had dispatched a sufficient body of veterans in pursuit of the rebels; and the priest, Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk, had published, by means of other priests, that Candide being favored by the priests, was consequently a favorite with God. Besides, those who were acquainted with the conspiracy were the more impatient to discover it, since the ministers of religion had declared in the name of Mahomet, that if any one had eaten swine's flesh, drank wine, passed several days without bathing, or visited a woman at an improper time, contrary to the express commands of the Alcoran, should, upon declaring what he knew of the conspiracy, be *ipso facto* absolved. Candide's prison was soon discovered; it was instantly forced open, and, as religion was concerned, the vanquished were, according to rule, exterminated. Candide, marching over heaps of dead bodies, triumphed over the greatest danger he had ever yet experienced, and, together with his attendants, continued his route towards his government, where he was received as a peculiar favorite who had been honored with the bastinado in the presence of the king of kings.

CHAPTER V

As how Candide was a great prince, but not satisfied

HILOSOPHY inspires men with the love of their fellow-creatures: Pascal is almost the only philosopher who seems endeavoring to make us hate them. Happily Candide had never read Pascal: he loved poor humanity with all his soul. Honest men perceived his disposition: they had hitherto been kept at a distance from the *Missi Dominici* of Persia; but it was not difficult for them to assemble in the presence of Candide, and to assist him with their counsel. He made many wise regulations for the encouragement of agriculture, population, commerce, and the arts. He rewarded those who had made useful experiments; and even those who had only written books, met with encouragement. When all my subjects are contented, (said Candide to himself with the most charming candor imaginable,) then possibly I may be happy. He was but little acquainted with human nature. His reputation was attacked in seditious libels, and he was calumniated in a work called *l'Ami des hommes*. He found, that, by endeavoring to make men happy, he did but excite their ingratitude. "O," cried Candide, "how difficult it is to govern these unfledged animals which vegetate on the face of

the earth! Why did I not remain on my little farm, in the company of Master Pangloss, Cunegonda, the daughter of Pope Urban X. who has but one buttock, Friar Girofflée, and the luxurious Paquetta!

CHAPTER VI

Candide's pleasures

ANDIDE, in the extremity of his grief, wrote a most pathetic letter to the Right Reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk; who was so exceedingly moved with the sad picture of his misery, that he persuaded the Sophi to dismiss Candide from his employment. His Majesty, in recompense for his services, granted him a very considerable pension. Thus eased of the weight of grandeur, our philosopher sought the optimism of Pangloss in the pleasures of private life. Hitherto he seemed to have lived for others, and to have forgot that he had a seraglio. He now recollected this circumstance with that emotion which the very idea of a seraglio inspires. "Let all things be prepared," said he to his prime eunuch, "for my entrance among my wives." "My Lord," replied the squeaking gentleman, "it is now that your Excellence deserves the name of *wise*. Men, for whom you have done so much, were unworthy your attention; but women—" "It may be so," said Candide very modestly.

In the center of a garden, in which nature was assisted by art to develop her charms, stood a small fabric whose structure was simple, yet elegant, and therefore quite different from those which are seen in the suburbs of the most magnificent cities in Europe. Candide approached this tem-

ple, but not without a blush. The soft air spread a delicious fragrance round the peaceful mansion. The flowers, amorously entwined, seemed guided by the instinct of pleasure; nor were they only the flowers of a day: the rose never lost its vermilion. The remote view of a shaggy rock, whence fell a rapid torrent, seemed calculated to invite the soul to that sweet melancholy which precedes enjoyment. Candide, trembling, entered the saloon, where taste and magnificence were elegantly displayed; a secret charm thrilled through every sense. He beholds, breathing upon the canvas, the youthful Telemachus in the midst of the nymphs of Calypso's court. He then turns his eyes to a half-naked Diana flying into the arms of Endymion. But his agitation increased, when he beheld a Venus faithfully copied from that of Medicis. All at once he is struck with the sound of divine music; a number of young Circassian women appear covered with their veils; they form around him a dance agreeably imagined, and more veritable than those which are exhibited upon the stage after the death of your Cæsars and your Pompeys.

At a certain signal, their veils dropped: their expressive features add new life to the entertainment: they practice every bewitching attitude, but without any apparent design: one by her leering eyes expressed a boundless passion; another in a soft languor seemed to expect pleasure without seeking it; a third bends forward, but raises herself immediately so as to afford a transient glance at those ravishing charms, which at Paris the fair sex so profusely display; a fourth carelessly throws back the skirt of her robe, and discovers a leg, which of itself was sufficient to inflame a

man of delicacy. The dance ceases, and the beauties stand motionless.

The silence that reigned recalls Candide to himself; the fury of love rushes into his heart; his insatiable looks wander on all sides; he kisses the inflaming lips and moistened eyes; he puts his hand on balls whiter than alabaster; their heaving and elastic motion makes the hand recoil; he admires the due proportions; he observes the ruddy tips, like the buds of the new-springing rose, that do not blow till recreated by the beneficent rays of the sun; he kisses them with ecstasy, and his mouth sticks close to them. Our philosopher contemplates with attention one of a more delicate shape and majestic deportment than the rest; but throws his handkerchief to a young nymph whose languishing eyes seemed peculiarly to court his affection, and whose beauty was improved by her blushes. The eunuch instantly opened the door of an apartment which was consecrated to the mysteries of love. The lovers entered, and the eunuch said to his master, "You are now going to be happy." "Oh," replied Candide, "I hope I am."

The ceiling and the walls of this delightful chamber were covered with mirrors, and in the middle stood a couch of black satin. Here he seated the fair Circassian, and began to undress her with inconceivable alertness. The good creature did not interrupt him, except to express her affection by her kisses. "O, my Lord," said she, "like a true Mahometan, how happy you have made your slave! How you honor her by your transports!" These few words charmed our philosopher. He was lost in ecstasy, and everything he beheld was entirely new to him. What difference between Cune-

gonda grown ugly, and violated by Bulgarian heroes, and a young Circassian of eighteen, who was never ravished! This was the first time that poor Candide had tasted pleasure. The objects which he devoured, were repeated in the glass. Which way soever he turned his eyes, he saw the black satin contrasted with the whitest skin in the universe. He beheld—but I am obliged to comply with the false delicacy of our language. Let it suffice to say, that our philosopher was completely happy.

"O Master, my dear Master Pangloss!" cried Candide quite enrapt, "all is as well here as in Eldorado; nothing but a fine woman can satisfy the desires of man. I am as happy as it is possible to be. Leibnitz is in the right, and you are a great philosopher: for instance, I make no doubt but you, my lovely angel, are inclined towards optimism, as you have always been happy." "Alas!" replied the lovely angel, "I know not what you mean by optimism; but your slave was never happy before today. If my Lord will deign to hear me, I will convince him of this by a concise relation of my adventures." "With all my heart," said Candide: "I am in a proper state of tranquillity to listen to a story": and so the charming slave began her tale, as in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VII

The history of Zirza

MY father was a Christian, and I also am a Christian, as he told me. He lived in a little hermitage in the neighborhood of Cotatis, where he attracted the veneration of the faithful, by his fervent devotion, and an austerity of manners, which was shocking to human nature. The women came in crowds to pay him homage, and took a singular pleasure in kissing his backside, which was every day gored with stripes of discipline. I certainly owe my being to one of the most devout of them. I was brought up in a subterraneous cave near my father's cell. I was twelve years old, without having once issued from this tomb, as I may call it, when the earth trembled, with a terrible noise: the vault where I lay sunk down, and I was with difficulty taken from under the rubbish. I was half dead, when, for the first time in my life, my eyes were struck with the light of day. My father took me into his hermitage as a predestined child: the whole affair appeared strange to the people. My father cried out a miracle, and the people joined in the cry.

"I was named *Zirza,* which, in the Persian language signifies, *child of Providence.* It was not long before the beauty of your poor slave excited the curiosity of the public. The

women began to visit the hermitage less frequently, and the men much oftener. One of them said he loved me. 'Wicked wretch,' cried my father, 'art thou qualified to love her? She is a treasure which God hath committed to my care: he appeared to me last night in the figure of a venerable hermit, and commanded me not to part with her for less than two thousand crowns. Be gone, vile beggar, lest thy impure breath should contaminate her charms.' 'I confess,' answered the youth, 'that I have only a heart to offer her; but, monster, art thou not ashamed to prostitute the name of the Deity to thy avarice? With what face, wretch as thou art, dost thou dare to assert that God spake to thee? It is degrading the Almighty to represent him conversing with men like thee.' 'O blasphemy!' cried my father in a violent passion: 'God himself commanded that blasphemers should be stoned.' Saying these words, he murdered my unhappy lover, and his blood spurted in my face. Now, though I was yet unacquainted with love, I found myself so far interested in the fate of my lover, that the sight of my father became insupportable to me. I resolved to leave him: he perceived my design. 'Ungrateful girl,' said he, 'it is to me thou art indebted for thy being; thou art my daughter, and yet thou hatest me! but thou shalt no longer hate me without cause.' He kept his word but too religiously. During five sad years which I passed in tears and groans, neither my youth nor faded beauty had power to relax his severity. Sometimes he would thrust a thousand pins into every part of my body; then with his discipline he would cover my backside with blood." "That gave you less pain than the pins," said Candide." "True, my Lord,"

replied Zirza. "At last, however, I found means to escape; and not daring to confide in any man, I hid myself in the woods. Three days I spent without food, and should certainly have died of hunger, but for a tiger to whom I had the good fortune to be agreeable, and who was kind enough to divide his prey with me. But I was often dreadfully frightened by this terrible animal: the brute had once liked to have ravished from me the flower, the plucking of which has given your Lordship so much pain and pleasure. My food gave me the scurvy: but I was no sooner cured than I followed a slave-merchant who was traveling to Teflis, where the plague then raged, and I soon became infected. These misfortunes, however, had so little affected my charms, that the purveyor of the court thought fit to purchase me for your use. It is now three months that I have languished among the rest of your wives: we all began to imagine ourselves despised. O, Sir, if you did but know how disagreeable and improper these eunuchs are to console neglected girls. In short, I have not yet lived eighteen years, twelve of which I passed in a dungeon; I have felt an earthquake; I was sprinkled with the blood of the first amiable man I had seen; during five whole years I endured the most cruel torture; I have had the scurvy and the plague. Pining in the midst of a company of black and white monsters, still preserving that which I had saved from the fury of a tiger, and cursing my destiny, I spent three long months in this seraglio; and should most certainly have died of the green sickness, if your Excellence had not honored me with your embraces."

"O heavens!" said Candide, "is it possible at your age to

have experienced such sad misfortunes? What would Pangloss say if he could hear your story? But your misfortunes are at an end as well as mine. Things are not now so bad; do you think they are?" Saying these words he renewed his caresses, and became more and more confirmed in the opinions of Pangloss.

CHAPTER VIII

Candide's disgust. A meeting which he did not expect

OUR philosopher, in the midst of his seraglio, distributed his favors with tolerable impartiality: he enjoyed the pleasure of variety, and returned with fresh ardor to the *child of Providence*. But this did not continue long. He now began to feel violent pains in his loins, and was also frequently afflicted with the colic. In being happy he became emaciated. Zirza's neck appeared neither so white nor so admirably turned; her shape lost half its delicacy; her eyes, in the eyes of Candide, seemed less sparkling; her complexion appeared less beautiful, and the ravishing vermilion of her lips seemed quite faded. He perceived that she did not walk well, and was not entirely satisfied with her breath. He also discovered a mole where he had conceived no blemish. The impetuosity of her passion became troublesome. In his other wives he coolly observed many defects, which, during his first transports, had escaped his notice: their lewdness grew offensive. He was ashamed to have followed the example of the wisest of all men *et invenit amariorem morte mulierem.*

Candide, still firm in his Christian sentiments, sauntered for want of employment in the streets of Sus; where, to his great surprise, a gentleman richly dressed, caught him in

his arms, calling him by his name. "It is possible," said Candide, "bless my spirit! It cannot be— Yet there is so striking a resemblance—Abbé Périgourdin— "It is even so," replied Périgourdin. Candide stepped back three paces, and ingeniously said, "But are you happy, my dear Sir?" "A fine question truly," answered Périgourdin; "the little trick which I put upon you at Paris, served only to establish my credit. The *police* employed me a while; but disagreeing with them at last, I threw off the ecclesiastical habit, which was of no longer use to me, and went over to England, where those of my profession are better paid. I revealed all that I knew, and all that I did not know, of the strength and weakness of the country I had quitted. I swore that the French were a rascally people, and that London was the only magazine of good sense; in short, I made a considerable fortune, and am come hither to negotiate a treaty at the court of Persia, in which the Sophi is bound to exterminate every European who shall enter his dominions in search of cotton or silk, to the prejudice of the English." "The object of your embassy," said our philosopher, "is doubtless very commendable; but, Sir, you are a great rascal: I do not like villainy, and I have some interest at court: tremble, therefore, for your prosperity is at an end; you will soon feel the punishment due to your crimes." "O Most Noble Lord Candide," said Perigourdin, falling on his knees, "have mercy on me: I am driven to wickedness by an irresistible impulse, in the same manner as you are impelled to virtue. I perceived this fatal inclination the moment I was acquainted with Mr. Walsp, and became a writer in the

Feuilles—" "Feuilles!" cried Candide, "what are those?" "They are," replied Périgourdin, "certain pamphlets of seventy pages, in which the public are periodically entertained with scandal, satire, and Billingsgate. It is an honest man, who having learned to read and write, and not being able to continue Jesuit so long as he could have wished, set about this pretty little performance, in order to buy lace for his wife, and bring up his children in the fear of God. There are also a set of *honest gentlemen* who for a few pence, and now and then a gill of bad wine, assist the other *honest* man in carrying on his work. This Monsieur Walsp is a member of an extraordinary club, whose chief amusement is to make a few drunken people deny their God; or to assist some poor fool in spending his fortune, break his furniture, and then send him a challenge: these are no more than little gentilities, which these gentlemen call *mistifications,* and which nevertheless merit the notice of the *police.* In short, this very honest Monsieur Walsp, who denies his ever having been sent to the galleys, is blessed with a lethargy which renders him insensible to the severest truth; and it is impossible to rouse him but by certain violent means, which he endures with a magnanimity and resignation beyond all belief. I labored some time under this celebrated author; I became famous in my turn, and had just left Monsieur Walsp, with an intention to begin for myself, when I had the honor to pay my respects to you in Paris—" "You are a vile rogue," said Candide; "but your sincerity moves me. Go directly to court, and present yourself to the Right Reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal-Denk: I will write to him

in your favor, on condition that you promise to become an honest man, and that you do not insist on having thousands of people murdered, for the sake of a little silk and cotton." Périgourdin promised all that Candide desired of him, and they parted friends.

CHAPTER IX

Candide's disgrace, travels, and adventures

ERIGOURDIN was no sooner arrived at court, than he used all his art to gain the minister, and ruin his benefactor. He reported that Candide was a traitor, and that he had spoken disrespectfully of the sacred whiskers of the king of kings. It was the general opinion of the courtiers, that he ought to be roasted at a slow fire; but the Sophi, with more humanity, was graciously pleased to condemn him only to perpetual banishment, after having kissed the soles of his accuser's feet, according to the custom of Persia. Périgourdin set out in order to put this sentence in execution: he found our philosopher in tolerable health, and almost disposed to renew his happiness. "My dear friend," said the English ambassador, "with the utmost regret I come to acquaint you, that you must quit this kingdom with all possible expedition, and also that you must kiss the soles of my feet with sincere contrition, for the enormous crimes of which you have been guilty." —"Kiss the soles of your feet!" cried Candide; "upon my word, Mr. Abbé, you carry your jokes too far: I do not comprehend you." He had scarce spoken, before the mutes, which attended Périgourdin, entered the room, and immediately took off his shoes. He was then told, that he must

either submit to this humiliation, or be impaled. Candide, in virtue of his free agency, kissed the Abbé's feet. They clothed him in a robe of coarse canvas, and the hangman drove him out of the city, crying aloud,—"He is a traitor! he has spoken disrespectfully of the Sophi's whiskers, even of the whiskers of the great king!"

But what was the officious *Cenobite* doing, whilst his favorite was thus disgraced? I really cannot tell. Possibly he was grown weary of patronizing Candide. Who can depend on priests or princes!

In the meantime, our hero trudged sorrowfully along. "I never in my life," said he to himself, "spoke of the king of Persia's whiskers. I am fallen at once from the pinnacle of fortune into the abyss of misery, because I am accused, by a wretch, who has violated all laws, of a crime which I never committed; and this fellow, this persecutor of virtue —is happy."

Candide, after several days' march, found himself on the borders of Turkey. He directed his steps towards Propontis, being determined to fix there once more, and to spend the remainder of his life in cultivating his garden. In passing through a small town, he observed a multitude of people gathered together. He inquired the cause of this effect. " 'Tis a very odd affair," answered an old man: "you must know, that, some time ago, the rich Mehemet obtained in marriage the daughter of the Janisary Zamoud: he found her not a virgin, and very naturally, according to law, cut off her nose, and sent her back to her father. Zamoud, enraged at the affront, as was quite natural, in the first transport of his fury, cut off the head of his disfigured

daughter, at one stroke of his scimitar. His eldest son, who had a great affection for his sister, which you know is natural enough, in the violence of his passion, very naturally plunged a dagger into his father's breast; then like a lion, whose rage increases at the sight of his own blood, the young Zamoud flew to the house of Mehemet, and having killed half a dozen slaves who opposed his entrance, he murdered Mehemet, his wives, and two children in the cradle; after which he put an end to his own life with the dagger, yet reeking with the blood of his father, and of his enemies, which, you know, was also quite natural."—"O horrible!" cried Candide. "O Master Pangloss! if these barbarities are natural, would you not confess that nature is corrupted, and that all things are not?"—"No," replied the old man; the preëstablished harmony—" "O heavens!" cried Candide, "am I deceived? Are you not Pangloss himself?" " 'Tis even so," said the old man; "I knew you at first, but I had a mind to penetrate into your sentiments before I discovered myself. Come, let us reason a little upon contingent effects: let me see what progress you have made in the school of wisdom." "Truly, Master Pangloss," said Candide, "you time it very ill: inform me rather what is become of Cunegonda, and where is Friar Girofflée, Paquetta, and the daughter of Pope Urban." "I know nothing of the matter," replied Pangloss; " 'tis now two years since I left our habitation in search of you. I have traveled over all Turkey, and was now going to the court of Persia, where, I was informed, you had made your fortune. I remained in this town among these good people, only to recover a little strength in order to pursue my journey." "What do I

see!" said Candide in astonishment. "You have lost an arm, my dear Pangloss. "That's nothing at all," replied Pangloss; "there is nothing more common than to see people with but one eye and one arm in this best of worlds. The accident happened in my journey from Mecca. Our caravan was attacked by a troop of Arabs; and as our escort made resistance, the Arabs being strongest, according to the laws of war massacred us all. There perished in this affair about five hundred people, among whom were about a dozen women with child. For my part, I escaped with only a cloven skull, and with the loss of an arm. You see I am still living, and have always found that everything was for the best. But you yourself, my dear Candide, how happens it that you have a wooden leg?" Candide then related his adventures. Our philosophers returned to Propontis, amusing themselves as they went along with reasoning on physical and moral evil, on free-will and predestination, on *monades* and preëstablished harmony.

CHAPTER X

The arrival of Candide and Pangloss in Propontis, what they saw there, and what became of them

"MY dear Candide," said Pangloss, "why did you grow weary of cultivating your garden? Why could not we be content with our preserved citron, and pistachio nuts? Why were you tired of being happy? Why, because all things are necessary in the best of worlds, it was therefore requisite that you should undergo the bastinado in the presence of the king of Persia; that you should have your leg cut off to make the Susians happy, to try the ingratitude of mankind, and to draw down punishment upon the heads of some villains who deserved to suffer." Thus conversing, they arrived at their old habitation. The first objects which struck their eyes, were Martin and Paquetta, in the habit of slaves. "Whence comes this strange metamorphose?" said Candide, tenderly embracing them. "Alas!" they replied, sighing, "You have no longer a place of abode; another is intrusted with the cultivation of your garden; he eats your preserved citron and pistachio nuts, and uses us like negroes." "Who is this other?" said Candide. " 'Tis," said they, "the general of the marine, the least humane of all human beings. The Sultan, willing to reward his services, without being at any expense, confiscated all

your possessions, under pretense that you were gone over to his enemy, and condemned us to slavery." "Believe me, Candide," added Martin, "and proceed on your journey. I have always told you, that everything is for the worst; the sum of evil greatly exceeds the sum of good; depart, and I do not despair of your becoming a *Manichean,* if you are not one already." Pangloss was going to argue in form; but Candide interrupted him by inquiring after Cunegonda, the old woman, Friar Giroflée, and of Cacambo. "Cacambo is here," replied Martin; "he is now busy in cleaning the common sewer. The old woman is dead of a kick in the breast which was given her by an eunuch. Friar Giroflée is entered among the Janisaries. Madam Cunegonda is grown fat again, and has recovered her former beauty; she is in our master's seraglio." "What a string of unhappy wretches!" said Candide. "Was it necessary that Cunegonda should recover her beauty to make me a cuckold?" "It is of little importance," said Pangloss, "whether Madam Cunegonda be handsome or ugly; whether she is in your arms, or in those of another; it makes no difference in the general system: for my part, I wish her a numerous posterity. Philosophers never concern themselves by whom women have children, provided they have them at all. Population—" "Alas," said Martin, "philosophers had much better employ themselves in contributing to the happiness of a few individuals, than undertake to multiply the suffering species."—While they were speaking, they heard a great noise. 'Twas the general who had ordered a dozen slaves to be flogged for his amusement. Pangloss and Candide, terrified, left their friends, with tears in their eyes, and hastily

took the road to Constantinople. Here they found everybody in an uproar; the fire began in the suburbs of Pera: it had already consumed five or six hundred houses, and two or three thousand people had perished in the flames. "What a shocking disaster!" cried Candide. "All for the best," said Pangloss: "these little accidents happen every year. It is very natural that fire should catch wooden houses, and that those houses should burn. Besides, it delivers many honest people from a miserable existence—" "What do I hear?" said one of the officers of the Sublime Porte. "How, wretch! darest thou say it is all for the best, when half Constantinople is on fire? Go, dog, cursed prophet, go receive the punishment due to thy presumption." In saying these words, he took Pangloss by the middle, and threw him headlong into the flames. Candide, half dead with fear, crept, as well as he could, into a neighboring quarter, where things were more quiet; and what became of him, we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI

Candide continues his journey; and in what capacity

HAVE now no other course to take," said our philosopher, "than to sell myself for a slave, or turn Turk. Happiness has abandoned me forever. A turban would corrupt all my pleasures. I feel myself incapable of enjoying peace of mind in a religion full of imposture, and which I should never embrace but from the base motive of interest. No, I shall never be content if I cease to be an honest man: I will therefore become a slave." No sooner had Candide taken this resolution, than he determined to put it in practice. He fixed upon an Armenian merchant for his master: his character was very good, and he was reputed to have as much virtue as an Armenian could possibly have. This Armenian was ready to sail for Norway: he took Candide with him, hoping that a philosopher might be serviceable to him in his trade. They embarked, and the wind was so favorable to them, that they made their passage in half the time which is generally required. They had no occasion to purchase a wind of the Lapland magicians, and therefore thought it sufficient to give them some trifle, that they might not interrupt their good fortune by their witchcraft; which sometimes happens, if one may believe Moreri's

dictionary. As soon as they were landed, the Armenian made his market of whale-blubber, and ordered our philosopher to traverse the country in search of dry fish. He acquitted himself of his commission as well as he could, and was returning with a number of reindeer loaded with this commodity, reflecting deeply on the amazing difference which he discovered between the Laplanders and other men, when he was accosted by an extreme little Laponese. Her head was rather larger than the rest of her body, her eyes red and fiery, her nose flat, and her mouth reached from ear to ear; she bid him good morrow, with the most engaging air imaginable. "My dear little Lord," said this animal, who herself was but one foot ten inches high, "you are exceedingly charming; be so kind as to love me a little." So saying, she threw her arms about his neck. Candide pushed her from him with inexpressible horror. She cried out; her husband advanced, accompanied by a number of his countrymen. "What is the meaning of this noise?" said they. "'Tis," said the little animal, "only this stranger—alas! I cannot speak for grief; he despises me." "I understand you," said the husband. "Impolite, uncivil, brutal, infamous, cowardly rascal, thou hast brought shame upon my house; thou hast done me the greatest injury; thou hast refused to lie with my wife." "Is the man mad?" said our hero. "What would you have said, had I lain with her?" "I should have wished you all manner of prosperity," said the enraged Laplander; "but thou deservest my utmost indignation." So saying, he exercised his stick upon the shoulders of Candide without mercy. The reindeer were seized by the relations of the affronted husband; and Candide,

fearing worse treatment, was obliged to betake himself to his heels, and evermore to renounce his good master; for he durst not appear before him without money, without fish, and without reindeer.

CHAPTER XII

Candide continues his journey. New adventures

ANDIDE strolled a long time, without even knowing whither he would go: he determined, at last, to make the best of his way to Denmark, where, he had heard, things went well. He found himself possessed of some little money, which the Armenian had given him; and, with this weak support, he hoped to accomplish his journey. This hope kept up his spirits, and he still enjoyed some happy moments. He chanced, one day, to meet, in an inn, with three travelers, who were talking with earnestness of a *plenum,* and *materia subtilis.* "Right," said Candide to himself, "these are philosophers." "Gentlemen," said he, as to the *plenum,* "it is incontestable, there is no *vacuum* in nature, and the *materia subtilis* is well imagined." "Then you are a Cartesian," said the travelers. "Yes," said Candide; "and, what is still more, I am a Leibnitzian." "So much the worse for yourself," replied the philosophers. "Descartes and Leibnitz had not common sense. As for us, we are Newtonians, and we glory in the distinction: if we dispute, it is only to strengthen our own sentiments, for we are all of the same mind. We seek the truth upon Newtonian principles, because we are convinced that Newton is a great man."—"And so is Descartes, so is

Leibnitz, so is Pangloss," said Candide: "these are great men worth all the others." "You are very impertinent, friend," replied the philosophers. "Are you acquainted with the laws of refrangibility, of attraction, and of motion? Have you read Doctor Clarke's refutation of your Leibnitz? Do you know what is meant by the centrifugal and centripetal force? Do you know that colors are formed by density? Have you any notion of the theory of light, and of gravitation? Are you ignorant of the period of 25,920 years, which unfortunately does not agree with chronology? No; I warrant, your ideas of all these things are false and imperfect: learn to keep silence therefore, for a pitiful *monade* as you are; and be careful how you affront gentlemen, by comparing them with pigmies." "Gentlemen," said Candide, "if Pangloss was here, he would teach you surprising things, for he is a great philosopher: he has an absolute contempt for your Newton, and, as I am his disciple, Newton is no great favorite of mine." The philosophers, quite enraged, fell upon Candide, and our poor hero was drubbed most philosophically.

Their wrath appeasing, they begged the hero pardon for their rashness; then one of them began to speak, and made a very beautiful discourse on *mildness* and *moderation*.

During this conversation there happened to pass by a very pompous funeral, whence our philosophers took occasion to comment on the ridiculous vanity of mankind. "Would it not," says one of them, "be much more rational for the relations and friends of the deceased to carry, without pomp, the corpse upon their own shoulders? Would not the mournful employment more effectually excite the

idea of death, and produce the most salutary and philosophical effect? Would not this reflection naturally arise? *This body which I carry is that of my friend, my relation; he is no more, and, like him, I must cease to exist?* Might not such a custom, in some measure, diminish the crimes committed in this unhappy world, and reclaim beings which believe in the soul's immortality? Mankind are but too willing to keep the thought of death at a distance, that we should be afraid of reminding them of their mortality too often. Why are not the weeping mother or husband present at this solemnity? The plaintive accents of nature, the piercing cries of despair, would do more honor to the ashes of the dead, than all those sable mutes, and that string of clergy, jovially singing psalms which they do not understand."—"It is well said," replied Candide: "if you did but always talk in this manner, without beating people, you would be a great philosopher."

Our travelers separated with marks of mutual confidence and friendship. Candide, steering his course towards Denmark, soon found himself in the middle of a wood: in ruminating on the misfortunes which had befallen him in this best of worlds, he had lost his way. The day had considerably declined when he perceived his mistake. His courage failed, and sorrowfully lifting his eyes to heaven, our hero, leaning against a tree, expressed himself in the following words: "I have traversed half this globe; I have seen fraud and calumny triumphant: my sole intention has been to be serviceable to mankind, yet I have been constantly persecuted. A great king honors me with his favor, and the bastinado. I am sent to a delightful province, but with a

wooden leg: there I tasted pleasure after my misfortunes. An abbé arrives, and I protect him: by my means he insinuates himself at court, and I am obliged to kiss the soles of his feet. I meet my poor Pangloss again, only to see him burned. I stumble upon a company of philosophers, a species of animals the mildest and most sociable of any that are spread upon the face of the earth, and they beat me most unmercifully. Yet all must be right, because Pangloss said so; nevertheless I am the most miserable of all possible beings."

His meditations were suddenly interrupted by piercing cries, which seemed not far off. His curiosity led him on. He beheld a young woman tearing her hair in the most violent agitation of despair. "Whosoever you are," said she, "if you have a heart, follow me." He followed her, and the first object he beheld was a man and a woman extended on the grass: their aspect bespoke the elevation of their minds and their distinguished origin; their features, though disfigured by grief, expressed something so interesting that Candide sympathized in their sorrows, and could not help eagerly inquiring the cause of their misfortunes. "These," said the young woman, "are my parents; yes, they are the authors of my unhappy being," continued she, throwing herself into their arms. "They were forced to fly to avoid the rigor of an unjust sentence: I attended them in their flight, and was contented to share their misfortunes, in hopes that I might be of some service in procuring nourishment for them in the desert we were going to enter. We stopped here to repose a while, and unhappily discovering that tree, I was deceived in its fruit. O Sir! I am a most

horrid criminal! Arm yourself in defense of virtue, and punish me as I deserve. Strike!—That fruit—I gave it to my parents; they ate of it with pleasure: I rejoiced that I had relieved them from the torment of thirst. Unhappily, I presented them with death: the fruit is poison."

Candide shook with horror; his hair stood upright; a cold sweat covered his whole body. He immediately did all in his power to assist this wretched family; but the poison had already made so much progress, that the best antidote would now have been ineffectual. "Dear, dear child, our only hope and comfort!" said the expiring parents, "forgive thyself; we sincerely forgive thee; it was thy excessive tenderness which deprives us of life— O generous stranger! be careful of our daughter: her heart is noble and formed for virtue: it is a treasure which we commit to thy care, infinitely more precious than our past fortune.—Dearest Zenoide, receive our last embraces; mix thy tears with ours. O heaven, what delightful moments are these! Thou hast opened to us the door of the comfortless dungeon, in which we have lived forty tedious years. We bless thee with our last breath, praying that thou mayst never forget the lessons which our prudence dictated; and that they may preserve thee from the danger to which thou wilt necessarily be exposed!" Pronouncing these words, they expired. Candide had great difficulty to bring Zenoide to herself. The solitude of the place, and the pale light of the moon, rendered the melancholy scene still more affecting. The day began to dawn before Zenoide recovered the use of her senses. She no sooner opened her eyes, than she desired Candide to dig a hole to inter the bodies: even she herself

assisted with astonishing resolution. This duty being discharged, she gave vent to her tears. Our philosopher persuaded her to quit this fatal spot; and they walked along for some time, without knowing whither they went. At length they perceived a little cottage, which was inhabited by an old man and his wife, who, in the midst of this desert, were always ready to render all the service in their power to their distressed brethren. This couple were, in fact, what Philemon and Baucis are said to have been. They had enjoyed the sweets of Hymen forty years, without one bitter draught. Constant health, the produce of temperance and tranquillity; a pleasing simplicity of manners; an exhaustless fund of candor in their disposition; all the virtues for which man is indebted to himself alone, composed the happy lot which heaven had been pleased to grant them. They were held in great veneration in the neighboring hamlets, whose inhabitants, happy in their rusticity, might have passed for very honest people, if they had been Catholics. They considered it as their duty to support Agaton and Suname (such were the names of this old couple); and they now extended their charity to the two strangers. "Alas!" said Candide, "what pity it was that you, my poor Pangloss, were burned: I know you were quite right; but it was not in those parts of Europe and Asia, which we traversed together, that all is for the best: it is in Eldorado, which it is impossible to reach; and in a little cottage, situated in the coldest, the most barren, and the most dismal country in the whole world. What pleasure should I have had to hear you, in this cabin, talk of preëstablished harmony and *monades!* I should like to spend the rest of my

days among these honest Lutherans; but it would oblige me to renounce going to mass, and expose me to the lash of the *Journal Chretien.*"

Candide was very anxious to know the adventures of Zenoide. Modesty hindered him from inquiring. She observed him, and satisfied his impatience by the following narrative.

CHAPTER XIII

The story of Zenoide.—How Candide became enamored with her, and the consequences

AM descended from one of the most ancient houses of Denmark: one of my ancestors perished in that place where the wicked Christiern caused such a number of senators to be put to death. The accumulated riches and honors of my family served only to render their misfortunes more illustrious. My father had the boldness to disoblige a man in power, by speaking the truth; he suborned false accusers, who charged him with several imaginary crimes. The judges were deceived: Alas! what judge can always avoid the snares which calumny spreads for innocence? My father was condemned to lose his head on a scaffold. Flight only could preserve him, and he took refuge with a friend, one whom he thought worthy of this amiable appellation. We continued some time concealed in a castle on the sea-shore, which belonged to him; and here we might have been still secure, if the cruel wretch, taking advantage of our deplorable situation, had not exacted a price for his friendship, which made us consider him with detestation. The infamous creature had conceived a violent passion for my mother and me: he made an attempt on our virtue by methods unworthy of a gentleman,

and, to avoid the effects of his brutality, we were obliged to expose ourselves to the most frightful dangers: we betook ourselves to flight a second time, and you know the rest." Here Zenoide finished her relation, and she began to weep afresh. Candide dried up her tears, and said, in order to comfort her: "It is all for the best, my dear Miss; for, if your father had not been poisoned, he would, most infallibly, have been discovered, and they would have cut off his head: your mother would have died of grief, perhaps; and we should not now be in this poor cottage, where all things are much better, than in the most charming castle imaginable." "Alas! Sir," replied Zenoide, "my father never told me that all was for the best. We all belong to one God, who loves us; but he will not exempt us from the devouring cares, the cruel distempers, the innumerable evils to which human nature is liable. In America, poison and the bark grow close to each other. The happiest of mortals has shed tears. A mixture of pleasures and pain constitutes what we call life; that is to say, a determined space of time (always too long in the opinion of wisdom), which ought to be employed in being useful to the society of which we are members, to rejoice in the works of the Almighty, without foolishly inquiring into their causes; to regulate our conduct upon the testimony of our conscience; and, above all, to respect our religion: happy if we could always observe its precepts!

"In this manner have I heard my honored father frequently speak. What presumptuous wretches, would he say, are those rash scribblers who seek to penetrate into the secrets of the Almighty? On the principle, that God expects to be honored by the numberless atoms to whom he has

given existence, mankind have united ridiculous chimeras, with the most respectable truths. The Dervish among the Turks, the Brahmin in Persia, the Bonze in China, the Talapoin in India, all worship the Deity in a different manner; nevertheless they enjoy peace of mind, though bewildered in obscurity; those who would endeavor to dispel the mist, would do them no service; he cannot be said to love mankind, who would remove their prejudices."

"You speak like a philosopher," said Candide: "may I presume to ask you, my dearest young lady, of what religion you are." "I was brought up a Lutheran," replied Zenoide; "it is the religion of my country." "Everything you say," continued Candide, "is a ray of light which penetrates my soul: you fill me with esteem and admiration.—How is it possible that so much sense should inhabit so fair a body? Indeed, my dear Miss, I love and admire you to such a degree—" Candide stammered out something more; but Zenoide, perceiving his confusion, retired: from that moment, she avoided all occasions of being alone with him, and Candide sought every opportunity of being either alone with her, or entirely by himself. He was seized with a melancholy, which, however, was not unpleasing: he was violently in love with Zenoide, yet endeavored to dissemble his passion; but his looks betrayed the secret of his heart. "Alas!" said he, "if Pangloss was here, he would give me good advice, for he was a great philosopher."

CHAPTER XIV

Continuation of Candide's amour

ANDIDE was forced to be content with the poor consolation of conversing with the beautiful Zenoide in the presence of the old man and his wife. "And was it possible," said he one day to the mistress of his heart, "that the king, whom you were allowed to approach, could permit such a flagrant act of injustice to your family? You have great reason to hate him." "Alas!" replied Zenoide, "who can hate their king?

"Who can avoid loving him who is intrusted with the glittering blade of the law? Kings are the visible images of the Deity; we ought never to condemn their conduct; obedience and respect are the duties of good subjects." "I admire you more and more," answered Candide: "pray, Miss, are you acquainted with the great Leibnitz, and the great Pangloss, who was burned, after having escaped hanging? Do you know the *monades,* the *materia subtilis,* and the *vortices?"* "No, Sir," said Zenoide; "my father never mentioned any of these things; he gave me only a slight notion of experimental philosophy, and taught me to despise every kind of philosophy which did not directly tend to promote the happiness of mankind; which inspires him with false notions of his duty to himself and to his neighbor;

which does not teach him how to regulate his manners; which serves only to fill his mind with unintelligible words, and rash conjectures; which cannot give a clearer idea of the author of our being, than that which we form from his works, and the miracles which are daily performed before our eyes." "Upon my word, Miss," said Candide, "I admire you beyond expression; I am enchanted; I am ravished; you are certainly an angel sent from heaven to confute the sophisms of Master Pangloss. Ignorant animal that I was! After having endured a prodigious number of kicks on the backside, of stripes across my shoulders, of strokes with a bull's pizzle on the soles of my feet; after having felt an earthquake; after having been present at the hanging of Doctor Pangloss, and lately seen him burned alive; after having been ignominiously used by a vile Persian; after having been plundered by order of the divan, and drubbed by a company of philosophers; notwithstanding all this, I believed that all was for the best; but I am now entirely undeceived. Nevertheless, nature never appeared to me so beautiful as since I have beheld you. The rural concerts of birds strike my ears with a harmony, to which, till now, I was quite insensible. All nature blooms, and the beauty of your sentiments seems to animate every object. I feel none of that voluptuous languor which I experienced in my garden at Sus; the passion you inspire, is quite different." "Forbear," said Zenoide, "lest you offend that delicacy which you ought to respect." "I will be silent then," said Candide, "but that will only augment my passion." He looked earnestly at Zenoide, as he pronounced these words; he perceived that she blushed, and thence, like a man of experi-

ence, he conceived the most flattering hopes. The young Dane continued for some time to shun her lover. One day as he was walking hastily in the garden, he cried out in a transport of love, "O that I had but my Eldoradonian sheep! Why am I not able to buy a little kingdom!"—"What would you make me?" said a voice that shot through the heart of our philosopher. "Is it you, charming Zenoide?" said he, falling upon his knees at her feet, "I thought myself alone. The few words you spoke seemed to flatter my hopes. I shall never be a king, and possibly never shall be rich; but if I were beloved by you— O do not turn away those charming eyes, but let me read in them a confession which alone can make me happy. Beautiful Zenoide, I adore you: for heaven's sake be merciful.—Ah! what do I see? You weep. Gods, I am too happy." "Yes," said Zenoide, "you are happy; nothing obliges me to conceal my sensibility from a person who deserves it. Hitherto you have been attached to my destiny by the ties of humanity only: it is now time to strengthen our union with more holy bonds. I have deliberately consulted my own heart; do you also maturely reflect, and above all things remember, that by marrying me you engage to become my protector; to soften and participate the miseries which fate may still have reserved for me." "Marry you?" said Candide; "these words have at once opened my eyes, and shown me the imprudence of my conduct. Alas! sweet lady, I am unworthy of your goodness: Cunegonda is yet living."—"Cunegonda, who is she?" "My wife," replied Candide, with his usual ingenuity.

Our lovers stood silent for some moments; they would have spoken, but the words expired upon their lips: their

eyes swam in tears. Candide held both her hands in his; he pressed them to his heart; he devoured them with kisses. He had the courage to touch her heaving breast, and found that she breathed with difficulty. His soul rose up to his lips, which by pressing those of Zenoide, brought her to herself. Candide thought he saw his pardon written in her eyes. "Dear Candide," said she, "my displeasure would but ill repay those transports which my heart in spite of me approves. Yet hold; you will ruin me in the opinion of mankind, and you will cease to love me when I am become the object of their contempt. Stop then, and respect my weakness." "What!" said Candide, "because the stupid vulgar say that a girl is dishonored in making her lover happy in following the generous dictates of nature, which in the early ages of the world—"

We shall not relate all this interesting conversation; we shall content ourselves with saying that Candide's eloquence, embellished by the expressions of love, had all the effect that he could expect, on a young and tender-hearted female philosopher.

Our lovers, who had hitherto passed their time in disquietude and affliction, were now continually intoxicated with pleasure. The silence of the forest, the mountains covered with brambles and surrounded with precipices; the frozen waters, and barren fields with which they were environed, served but to persuade them of the necessity of love; they resolved never to quit this frightful solitude; but destiny was not yet weary in her persecutions, as we shall see in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XV

The arrival of Volhall. Journey to Copenhagen

CANDIDE and his mistress amused themselves with reasoning on the works of the Creator, on the worship due to him from mankind, on the duties of society, more especially on charity, which, of all other virtues, is the most useful to our fellow creatures. They were not content with vain declamations: Candide taught youth to respect the sacred restrictions of the law, and Zenoide instructed young maidens in their duty to their parents; they united their endeavors to sow the prolific seeds of religion in juvenile minds. One day as they were busied in this pious employment, Suname acquainted Zenoide, that an old gentleman, with several attendants, was just come, and inquired for a person, who, she was convinced by his description, could be no other than the beautiful Zenoide. The gentleman, who followed her close, entered almost at the same instant.

Zenoide fainted away as soon as she saw him; but Volhall, unmoved at this affecting sight, took her by the hand, and dragged her with so much violence that she came to herself; but it was only to shed a torrent of tears. "It is very well, niece," said he, with a severe smile, "I have caught you in fine company; no wonder you should prefer

it to the capital, to my house, and to your own family." "Yes, Sir," replied Zenoide, "I prefer the habitation of truth and candor to that of treachery and imposture. I shall never behold, without horror, the place where my misfortunes began, where I have had such convincing proofs of your baseness, and where you are the only relation I have." "No matter, Miss," replied Volhall, "you shall follow me, if you please, though you were to have another fit." So saying, he dragged her along, and put her into a chaise. She had but just time to bid Candide follow her, to bless her kind host and hostess, promising to reward them for their generous hospitality.

One of Volhall's servants, being moved with Candide's affliction, and believing he had no other interest in the young lady than what virtue in distress might inspire, advised him to take a journey to Copenhagen. He told him, he could probably get him admitted into Volhall's family, if he had no other resource. Candide accepted his offer, and being arrived, his future comrade presented him as a relation for whose fidelity he would answer. "Maraut," said Volhall, "I consent: you shall have the honor of waiting on a man of my rank and distinction; but be careful always to pay an implicit obedience to my will: anticipate my commands if you are endowed with sufficient penetration: remember that a man of my distinction degrades himself by conversing with such a wretch as you." Our philosopher replied with great submission to this impertinent harangue, and that very day he was dressed in his master's livery.

One may easily imagine Zenoide's astonishment and joy, when she recollected her lover among her uncle's servants.

She gave him all the opportunities she could, which Candide judiciously improved to their mutual satisfaction. They vowed an eternal constancy; nevertheless Zenoide was far from being quite easy: she sometimes condemned her passion for Candide, and would now and then afflict him for amusement; but Candide adored her; he knew that perfection did not fall to the lot of man, much less of woman. Zenoide recovered her good humor in his arms; the constraint they were obliged to observe increased their enjoyment, and they were yet happy.

CHAPTER XVI

How Candide found his wife again. How he lost his mistress

UR hero had no hardship to bear but the haughtiness of his master, and this was not purchasing at too dear a rate the favors of his mistress. Happy lovers cannot conceal their passion so easily as is generally imagined; they soon betrayed their own secret; their connection was no longer a mystery to any one in the house, except to Volhall himself. Candide was honored with felicitations that made him tremble; he expected the storm which was about to burst over his head, and was in no doubt that the person who had been so dear to him was upon the point of accelerating his misfortunes.

For some days past Candide had observed a woman, whose face bore a strong resemblance to that of Cunegonda: he now saw her again in the courtyard, but her garb was mean; besides, there was not the least probability that the favorite mistress of a rich Mahometan should appear in the courtyard of an inn at Copenhagen. Nevertheless, this disagreeable object fixed her eyes on Candide with great attention. She now precipitately approached, and saluted him with the most violent box on the ear he ever received in his life. "I was not deceived," cried our philosopher; "O heavens, who could have thought it! What business have you here,

after suffering yourself to be ravished by a Mahometan? Go, perfidious spouse, I know nothing of you." "Thou shalt know me by my fury," said Cunegonda. "I know all thy wicked courses, thy intrigue with thy master's niece, thy contempt of me. Alas! it is three months since I was turned out of the seraglio, because I was no longer useful. A merchant bought me to mend his linen, and having occasion to make a voyage to these parts, brought me along with him. Martin, Cacambo, and Paquetta, whom he also purchased, are of the party. Doctor Pangloss also, by the greatest chance imaginable, was a passenger in the same ship: we were cast away a few miles from hence; I escaped with honest Cacambo, whose flesh, I assure thee, is as firm as thine; and I have found thee again to my sorrow, for thy infidelity is manifest. Tremble therefore, and dread the vengeance of an injured woman."

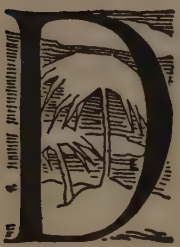
Candide was so stupefied with this moving scene, that he suffered Cunegonda to depart without considering how necessary it is to keep terms with those who are in our secrets, when all at once Cacambo presented himself to his view. They tenderly embraced. Candide inquired into the truth of what he had heard, and was extremely afflicted for the loss of the great Pangloss, who, after having been hanged and burned, was most miserably drowned. He spoke of him with that effusion of heart which true friendship inspires. A *billet* which Zenoide threw out of the window, put an end to their conversation. Candide opened it, and read as follows: "Fly, my dear lover, everything is discovered. An innocent and natural inclination, which does no injury to society, is a crime in the estimation of credulous and cruel

men. Volhall has this moment left my chamber, after treating me with the utmost inhumanity: he is gone to obtain an order to have you immured in a dungeon. Fly, therefore, my dear, dear lover, and save a life which I am no longer suffered to enjoy. Those happy days are past, when our mutual tenderness—Ah! wretched Zenoide, what has thou done to deserve the wrath of heaven! But I wander: O do not forget thy dear Zenoide. Dear Candide, thy image will never be effaced from my heart.—No, thou never knewest how much I loved thee.—O that thou couldst receive from my burning lips, my last farewell, and my last sigh! I feel that I am ready to follow my unhappy father: I hold the world in abhorrence; it is all treachery and guilt."

Cacambo, always retaining his wisdom and prudence, drew along with him Candide, who had lost all the power of his sensitive faculties. They went, by the shortest way, out of the city. Candide did not open his mouth; and they had got at a pretty considerable distance from Copenhagen, before he was roused from his lethargy; but, at last staring on his faithful Cacambo, he spoke what follows.

CHAPTER XVII

How Candide intended to kill himself, and did not effectuate it. What happened to him in an inn



EAR Cacambo, formerly my servant, now my equal and always my friend, thou hast partaken some of my misfortunes, thou hast given me salutary advices, thou hast seen my love for Miss Cunegonda." "Alas! my dear old Master," said Cacambo, "it is she who played you this most base trick. Being informed by your companions, that you were as deep in love with Zenoide, as she was with you, she revealed the whole scene to the barbarous Volhall." "Since this is the case," said Candide, "death is my only refuge." Our philosopher then taking a penknife out of his pocket, began to whet it with a composure worthy of an ancient Roman, or of an Englishman. "What do you mean?" said Cacambo. "To cut my throat," said Candide. "An excellent thought," replied Cacambo; "but wisdom should never determine, till after mature deliberation: the means of death will be always in your own power, if you continue in the same mind. Be advised, my dear master, and put it off till tomorrow; the longer you defer it, the more courageous will be the action." "I like thy reasoning," said Candide; "besides, if I should cut my throat now, the gazetteer of Trevoux would insult my memory: it is then

determined, I will not cut my throat for this two or three days at least." Thus conversing they arrived at Elsineur, a pretty considerable town, at a little distance from Copenhagen: here they rested that night, and Cacambo applauded himself for the good effect which sleep had produced in the mind of Candide. They took their leave of this town at break of day; and Candide, always a philosopher, for the prejudices of youth are not easily effaced, entertained his friend Cacambo with a dissertation on moral and physical good, with the discourses of the wise Zenoide, and the true lights he had received from her learned conversation. "If Pangloss was not dead," said he, "I would confute his system beyond contradiction. God preserve me from becoming a Manichean. My dear mistress has taught me to respect the impenetrable veil by which the Deity chooses to conceal his designs from mankind. Perhaps man himself is the cause of the misfortunes under which he groans: fruit-eaters are become carnivorous animals. The savages we have seen devour only the Jesuits, yet they live in perfect harmony among themselves; and those which, by chance, are scattered through the desert, and feed only upon roots and herbs, are certainly happy. Society has given birth to the most heinous crimes. There are people, who, from their situation, seem as it were obliged to desire the death of their fellow-creatures. The shipwreck of a vessel, the burning of a house, and the loss of a battle, is the occasion of grief to some, and of joy to others. Things go very ill, my dear Cacambo, and a wise man has nothing to do but to cut his throat as gently as possible." "You are in the right," said Cacambo, "but I perceive an inn, you must be thirsty; come,

my old master, let us take a glass, and then we will proceed in our philosophical disquisitions."

They entered the inn, where a crowd of peasants were dancing in the middle of the court, to the sound of very bad instruments. A cheerful smile sat on every face: it was a picture worthy the pencil of Vatau. As soon as they perceived Candide, a young girl took him by the hand, intreating him to dance. "My sweet lass," replied Candide, "when a man has lost his mistress, found his wife, and but just heard of the death of the great Pangloss, he can have no inclination to cut capers: besides, I intend to kill myself tomorrow; and you know, when a person has but a few hours to live, he should not waste his time in dancing." Cacambo then advanced, and expressed himself in the following manner: "Great philosophers have always had a passion for glory. Cato of Utica killed himself after having slept soundly; Socrates swallowed hemlock after familiarly conversing with his friends; several Englishmen have blown out their brains after coming from an entertainment: but I have never heard of any great man who cut his throat after dancing. No, my dear master, this glory is reserved for you. Let us dance our bellies full today, and we will kill ourselves tomorrow." "Dost thou not observe," replied Candide, "that pretty lively wench?" "There is something vastly striking in her countenance," said Cacambo. "She squeezed my hand," replied our philosopher. "Did you take notice," said Cacambo, "of her little round breasts, when her handkerchief flew back as she was dancing?" "Yes, I observed them well," said Candide: "if my heart was not full of the charms of Miss Zenoide—" But the little black

girl interrupted Candide, and again besought him to dance. Our hero was at last persuaded, and danced with the genteelest air imaginable. He then embraced the pretty peasant, and retired to his seat without asking the queen of the ball to dance. Immediately there was a confused murmur; both the actors and spectators were shocked at such a manifest neglect. Candide was ignorant of his fault, and therefore could make no apology. At length a great clown came forward, and gave him a slap in the face, which was returned by Cacambo with a kick in the belly. The instruments were scattered about in an instant, the women lost their caps. Candide and Cacambo behaved like heroes; but they were forced to betake themselves to their heels, though quite crippled with the blows they had received.

"I am very unlucky," said Candide, leaning on his friend Cacambo; "I have experienced great misfortunes, but I never expected to have had my bones broke for dancing with a peasant at her own request."

CHAPTER XVIII

Candide and Cacambo retire to an hospital. Adventure there

CACAMBO and his quondam master were unable to proceed; they began to give way to that malady of the soul which destroys all its faculties, dejection and despair: when looking up, they espied an hospital built for travelers. Cacambo entered, and Candide followed him; they were treated in the manner in which people are generally treated for the love of God. Their wounds were speedily healed; but they both got the itch, which was not to be cured in a few days. This idea drew tears from the eyes of our philosopher, and, scratching himself, he said, "O my dear Cacambo, why didst thou hinder me from cutting my throat? Thy pernicious counsel hath plunged me again into disgrace and misfortune: if I should now cut my throat, they would say, in the *Journal of Trevoux,* He was a coward; he killed himself because he had the itch. See to what thou hast exposed me by thy injudicious friendship." "Our misfortunes are not without remedy," said Cacambo; "if you will follow my advice, we will become brothers of the hospital; I understand a little of surgery, and I will engage to render our woeful condition supportable." "Ah!" cried Candide, "pox take all the asses in the world, and especially those chirurgical asses, so fatal to hu-

man nature! No, I will not suffer thee to pass for what thou art not; it were a piece of treachery, the consequences of which might be terrible. Besides, if thou didst but know, after having been viceroy of a rich province, after having been able to purchase kingdoms, after having been the happy lover of Miss Zenoide, how hard it is to resolve to serve as mate in an hospital." "All this I know full well; but I also know that it is very hard to die of hunger. Besides, the plan which I propose is perhaps the only one to elude the cruelty of Volhall."

Whilst he thus spake, one of the brothers of the hospital happening to pass, asked him a few questions, to which he replied properly. This brother assured them that the fraternity lived well, and enjoyed decent liberty. Candide resolved: they were admitted without scruple, and these two miserable beings began to administer comfort to beings yet more miserable.

One day as Candide was distributing some bad broth among the patients, an old man particularly caught his attention. He seemed in the agony of death. "Poor man," said Candide, "how I pity you! You must suffer terribly." "Indeed I do," he replied, with a hollow sepulchral voice: "they tell me that I have a complication of distempers, and that I am poxed to the very bone; if so, I must needs be extremely ill. Nevertheless, it is all for the best, and that is my consolation." "No man in the world," said Candide, "but Doctor Pangloss, could maintain optimism in such a deplorable situation, when every other mortal would preach pess—" "Do not pronounce that detestable word," said the poor old man; "I am that very Pangloss. Wretch, let me die

in peace; all things are good, everything is best." The effort he made in pronouncing these words, cost him his last tooth, and in a few moments after he expired.

Candide bewailed his death, for he had a good heart: his obstinacy, however, afforded matter of reflection to our philosopher. He would frequently ruminate on his adventures. Cunegonda had remained at Copenhagen, where, he was informed, she mended shirts and stockings with great reputation. He had now lost all his passion for traveling. The faithful Cacambo assisted him with his advice and friendship. He never murmured at the dispensations of providence: "I know, he would sometimes say, that happiness is not the lot of humanity; it is nowhere to be found except in the good country of Eldorado; but to go thither is impossible."

CHAPTER XIX

New adventures

CANDIDE was not quite unhappy, for he had a true friend. He had found, in an American mongrel valet, what, in Europe, we seek in vain. Perhaps nature, who has planted simples in America proper for the maladies of European bodies, may there also have sown remedies for the disorders of our hearts and minds. Perhaps there are a species of men in this new world, who are formed differently from us, who are not slaves to self-interest, who are capable of sincere friendship. 'Twere happy, if instead of bales of indigo and cochineal, stained with blood, they would bring us some of these men: this kind of commerce would be very advantageous to mankind. Cacambo was of more value to Candide than a dozen of red sheep loaded with the pebbles of Eldorado. Our philosopher now began to be reconciled to life. He consoled himself that he was employed in the preservation of the human species, and in not being a useless member of society. Heaven rewarded the purity of his intentions, by restoring to him, as well as to his friend Cacambo, the blessing of health. They had no longer the itch, and they performed the duties of their function with great alacrity; but alas! fate soon broke in upon their peaceful security. Cune-

gonda, who had set her heart upon tormenting her husband, sallied forth from Copenhagen in pursuit of him: chance directed her to the hospital; she was accompanied by a man whom Candide soon discovered to be the Baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh: his surprise may be easily supposed. The Baron, perceiving it, spoke to him in these words. "I did not long continue to row in the Turkish galleys; the Jesuits, hearing of my misfortune, redeemed me for the honor of the society. I made a tour in Germany, where I received some civilities from my father's heirs. I left nothing unattempted to get intelligence of my sister; and hearing at Constantinople that she had embarked on board a vessel which was cast away on the coast of Denmark, I disguised myself and departed, being provided with proper letters of recommendation to Danish merchants in connection with the society: in short, I have found my sister again, who loves you notwithstanding you are unworthy of that honor; and since you have had the insolence to lie with her, I consent to the ratification, or rather a new celebration of your nuptials; that is to say, provided she gives you only her left hand, which is but reasonable, as she has no less than seventy-one quarters, and you have none at all." "Alas," says Candide, "all the quarters in the world without beauty— Miss Cunegonda was very ugly when I imprudently married her; she became handsome, and another has enjoyed her charms; she is again grown ugly, and you would have me give my hand to her a second time: no, no, Reverend father; send her back to her seraglio at Constantinople; she has done me but too much injury in this country." "Ungrateful man," said Cunegonda, making horrible

contortions, "how can you be so hard-hearted? Do not oblige the Baron, now a priest, to wash the blot out of his escutcheon with your blood. Dost thou believe me capable of consenting to the act of infidelity? What wouldst thou have had me done when I was in the power of a Turk who thought me handsome? Neither tears, nor my cries, had any effect on his savage brutality: so that, finding it in vain to resist, I contrived to be as commodiously ravished as possible, as any other woman would have done in my situation: this is all my crime. But my greatest offense is having robbed thee of thy mistress, which, on the contrary, thou shouldst consider as a proof of my affection. Come, come, my dear little soul; if ever I should grow handsome again; if my breasts, which now are somewhat pendent, should recover their rotund elasticity; if—they shall be all for thee alone, my dear Candide; we are no longer in Turkey, and I swear that I will never suffer myself to be ravished again."

This discourse made no very deep impression upon Candide. He desired a little time for consideration. The Baron granted him two hours, which he spent in consulting with his friend Cacambo. After having weighed every argument *pro* and *con,* they determined to accompany the Baron and his sister to Germany. Accordingly everything being settled, they set out all together; not on foot, but mounted on good cavalry, which the Jesuit Baron had brought along with him. They were now arrived at the frontiers of the kingdom, when a tall ill-favored fellow fixed his eyes attentively on our hero." "It is the very man," said he; "pray, Sir, if I may be so bold, is not your name Candide?" "Yes, Sir," replied Candide, "so I have always been called." "I am ex-

tremely glad of it," said the man. "Yes, indeed, you have black eyebrows, ears of a moderate size, a round face, and ruddy complexion, and you appear to be about five feet five." "Yes, Sir," said Candide, "that is exactly my height; but what are my ears and my height to you?" "Sir," replied the man, "we cannot be too circumspect in our employment: permit me to ask you another question; were you not in the service of Squire Volhall?" "In truth, Sir," said Candide, a little disconcerted, "I do not understand—" "But I understand perfectly well that you are the person whose description I have in my hand. Please to walk into the guard-room. Soldiers, conduct the gentleman in; prepare the black hole, and tell the smith to make a slight chain of about thirty or forty pound weight. Mr. Candide, you have got a good-like horse there; I want one of that color; we shall agree about him by and by."

The Baron did not dare to claim his beast. Cunegonda wept for a quarter of an hour. The Jesuit beheld the scene without emotion. "I should have been obliged," said he to his sister, "either to kill him or force him to remarry you; and, all things considered, it is the best that could happen for the honor of our family." Cunegonda and her brother set out for Germany; but the faithful Cacambo resolved not to abandon his friend in distress.

CHAPTER XX

The continuation of Candide's misfortunes; how he found his mistress again, and what was the consequence

ANGLOSS!" said Candide, "it is a thousand pities that you have perished so miserably: you have been witness only to the smallest part of my misfortunes, and I was in hopes to make you reject that groundless opinion you so obstinately maintained, even unto death. There is not a man in the world who has experienced greater adversity than I have; and yet there is not a single soul who has not cursed his own existence, as the daughter of Pope Urban very pathetically told us. What will become of me, my dear Cacambo?" "I cannot tell," replied Cacambo; "all I know is, that I will never forsake you." "But Cunegonda has forsaken me," said Candide. "Alas! a wife is not worth an American friend."

This was the conversation of Candide and Cacambo in a dungeon, from whence they were dragged in order to be conveyed to Copenhagen, where our philosopher was to learn his fate. He feared it would be a dreadful one, as the reader may also apprehend; but Candide was mistaken, and so is the reader. He was destined to be happy at Copenhagen, where he was no sooner arrived than he was apprised of the death of Volhall; this brute died unlamented,

and everybody concerned themselves about Candide. His chains were immediately knocked off, and liberty was the more agreeable to him, as it furnished him with the means of finding Zenoide. He hastened to her house; he was a long time before he could utter a syllable, but their silence was sufficiently expressive. They embraced; they endeavored to speak, but they could only weep. Cacambo enjoyed this delightful scene like a being of sensibility; he sympathized in his friend's joy, and was almost in the same situation. "My dear Cacambo, my beloved Zenoide," cried Candide, "I am now recompensed for all my sufferings. Love and friendship shall sweeten the remainder of my life. What numberless difficulties have paved the way to this unexpected happiness? But all is now forgotten, dearest Zenoide, I see you, you love me; all things go well with me now, everything is for the best."

The death of Volhall left Zenoide her own mistress, and the court allowed her a pension out of her father's fortune, which had been confiscated. She readily shared with Candide and Cacambo, whom she permitted to live in the same house, and industriously reported, that, having received such signal services from these two strangers, she thought herself obliged to reward them with all the pleasures of life. Some shrewd people penetrated into the motives of her kindness, which was not very difficult, as her intrigue with Candide had unluckily transpired. Most people condemned her, and her conduct was approved only by a few people who knew the world. Zenoide, who paid some regard to the esteem of fools, was not quite happy in her situation. The death of Cunegonda, which the correspondents of trading Jesuits

reported at Copenhagen, furnished Zenoide with an opportunity to reconcile the scrupulous: she ordered a pedigree to be made for Candide; and the author, who was a man of parts, proved him to be descended from one of the most ancient families in Europe: he even pretended that his real name was Canut, the name of an ancient Danish king, than which nothing could be more probable; for to change *did* into *ut* was no very extraordinary metamorphosis. In consequence of this trifling alteration, Candide became a nobleman of distinction. He was married publicly to Zenoide; they lived together as happily as it is possible to live. Cacambo was their common friend; and Candide used frequently to say, "All things are not so well with us here as in Eldorado, but yet they are pretty well."

FINIS

VOLTAIRE, the adopted name of François-Marie Arouet, was born in Paris in 1694. A satirist, novelist, historian, playwright, moralist, and critic, he was one of the leading European intellects of his day.

Voltaire's life was long and eventful. As a young writer of satire, he was beaten and imprisoned in the Bastille for insulting an aristocrat and later exiled to England from 1726 to 1728 or 1729; there he met Swift and Pope and enjoyed the freedom granted to writers. Ultimately, the radical Voltaire found himself in favor in his native country; in 1745 he was made court historiographer, and he was elected to the Académie Française. However, when his mistress died in 1749, Voltaire accepted an invitation to the court of Frederick the Great of Germany. In 1753 he left, angry and disillusioned, and settled in Geneva. From the safety of Switzerland, he corresponded widely, met with a great variety of people, and wrote, arguing for justice and freedom of expression, thought, and religion. Among his works are the novel *Zadig*, the dramas *Zaïre* and *Oedipe*, and the philosophical work, *Les Lettres philosophiques*. He died in Paris in 1778, to which he had returned after a long absence, and was first denied a Christian burial. Three years later, after the French Revolution, his remains were buried in the Panthéon in Paris. A towering figure of the Enlightenment, he was read by Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, and other founders of the American republic.

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